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by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by

M. ST. CLARE BYRNE

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GUY BOAS

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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INTRODUCTION.

I. WHO WROTE "HENRY VIII" ?

BEFORE the perplexing question is approached of who, or how many dramatists, wrote *Henry VIII*, and whether Shakespeare was responsible for all, or part, or none of the play—a literary conundrum which may never be finally solved—it is necessary to consider the play's probable date.

Henry VIII was not printed separately in quarto, but appeared first in the First Folio collected by Heminge and Condell. The date of the first performance is generally given as 1613, the year in which the Globe Theatre was destroyed by fire. Three contemporary statements provide grounds for associating the play with the conflagration. In the summer of 1613 the Rev. Thomas Lorkin writes to Sir Thomas Puckering : " No longer since than yesterday while Bourbage and his companie were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII*, and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd and fastened upon the thatch of the house and there burned so furiously as it consumed the whole house and all in lesse then two houres."

Two days later Sir Henry Wotton writes to his nephew : " Now, to let matters of State sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what hath

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happened this week at the Banks side. The Kings Players had a new Play, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the Reign of *Henry 8*, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of Pomp and Majesty, even to the matting of the Stage ; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, and Guards with their embroidered Coats, and the like : sufficient in truth within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King *Henry* making a masque at the Cardinal *Wolsey's* House, and certain Canons being shot off at his entry, some of the Paper, or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the Thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smok, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole House to the very grounds."

Two years later Edmond Howes, who continued Stow's *Chronicle*, attributes the fire at the Globe to "the negligent discharging of a peale of ordinance, the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz. of *Henry the 8*."

Is the play dealing with *Henry VIII* in these three references the same play with which we are concerned ? The certainty cannot be proved, but everything points to its being so, especially as the fourth scene of Act I contains the stage direction "Chambers discharged." It is to be noted that Wotton writes of the play as a "new" play. It is also to be noted that if 1613 is correct as the date of the first production, the play comes last of all in the generally accepted sequence of Shakespeare's work, some three years after *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*,

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which, in view of the strongly marked features of style in these three dramatic romances, a style for the most part pregnant, difficult and elliptical, is of extreme importance when the authorship of *Henry VIII* is considered.

This question of authorship was for the first time treated comprehensively by Spedding, who, in 1850, published a paper in *The Gentleman's Magazine* entitled "Who wrote Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*?" Five years later a paper was read by Robert Boyle to the New Shakespeare Society in which, denying that Shakespeare had any part in the play, he attributed the whole to the joint work of Fletcher and Massinger, and with precision assigned to each author his respective portion. Boyle's opinion is so entirely subjective, and the style of his Massinger passages so far removed from Massinger's normal style, that this view has received little support. But Spedding's paper, which assigns much of the play to John Fletcher, remains so important and, up to a point, so persuasive, that, laying as it does the foundation for all subsequent speculation, it is necessary and proper to quote from it at length and in detail:—

"The opening of the play,—the conversation between Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny,—seemed to have the full stamp of Shakspeare, in his latest manner: the same close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without know-

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ing how it is to come forth ; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony ; the same entire freedom from book-language and common-place ; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated.

“ In the scene in the council-chamber which follows (Act I. Sc. 11), where the characters of Katharine and Wolsey are brought out, I found the same characteristics equally strong.

“ But the instant I entered upon the third scene, in which the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell converse, I was conscious of a total change. I felt as if I had passed suddenly out of the language of nature into the language of the stage, or of some conventional mode of conversation. The structure of the verse was quite different and full of mannerism. The expression became suddenly diffuse and languid. The wit wanted mirth and character. And all this was equally true of the supper scene which closes the first Act.

“ The second Act brought me back to the tragic vein, but it was not the tragic vein of Shakspeare. When I compared the eager, impetuous, and fiery language of Buckingham in the first Act with the languid and measured cadences of his farewell speech, I felt that the difference was too great to be accounted for by the mere change of situation, without supposing also a change of writers. The presence of death produces great changes in men, but no such change as we have here.

“ When in like manner I compared the Henry and Wolsey of the scene which follows (Act II. Sc. 11) with

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the Henry and Wolsey of the council-chamber (Act I. Sc. II), I perceived a difference scarcely less striking. The dialogue, through the whole scene, sounded still slow and artificial.

“The next scene brought another sudden change. And, as in passing from the second to the third scene of the first Act I had seemed to be passing all at once out of the language of nature into that of convention, so in passing from the second to the third scene of the second Act (in which Anne Bullen appears, I may say for the first time, for in the supper scene she was merely a conventional court lady without any character at all), I seemed to pass not less suddenly from convention back again into nature. And when I considered that this short and otherwise insignificant passage contains all that we ever see of Anne (for it is necessary to forget her former appearance), and yet how clearly the character comes out, how very a woman she is, and yet how distinguishable from any other individual woman, I had no difficulty in acknowledging that the sketch came from the same hand which drew Perdita.

“Next follows the famous trial scene. And here I could as little doubt that I recognized the same hand to which we owe the trial of Hermione. When I compared the language of Henry and of Wolsey throughout this scene to the end of the Act, with their language in the council-chamber (Act I. Sc. II), I found that it corresponded in all essential features : when I compared it with their language in the second scene of the second Act, I perceived that it was altogether different. Katharine also, as she appears in this scene, was exactly the same person as she was in the council-chamber ; but when I went on to the first

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scene of the third Act, which represents her interview with Wolsey and Campcius, I found her as much changed as Buckingham was after his sentence, though without any alteration of circumstances to account for an alteration of temper. Indeed the whole of this scene seemed to have all the peculiarities of Fletcher, both in conception, language, and versification, without a single feature that reminded me of Shakspeare ; and, since in both passages the true narrative of Cavendish is followed minutely and carefully, and both are therefore copies from the same original and in the same style of art, it was the more easy to compare them with each other.

“ In the next scene (Act III. Sc. II) I seemed again to get out of Fletcher into Shakspeare ; though probably not into Shakspeare pure ; a scene by another hand perhaps which Shakspeare had only re-modelled. or a scene by Shakspeare which another hand had worked upon to make it fit the place. The speech, interchanged between Henry and Wolsey seemed to be entirely Shakspeare's ; but in the altercation between Wolsey and the lords which follows I could recognise little or nothing of his peculiar manner, while many passages were strongly marked with the favourite Fletcherian cadence ; and as for the famous ‘ Farewell, a long farewell,’ etc., though associated by means of Enfield's *Speaker* with my earliest notions of Shakspeare, it appeared (now that my mind was opened to entertain the doubt) to belong entirely and unquestionably to Fletcher.

“ Of the 4th Act I did not so well know what to think. For the most part it seemed to bear evidence of a more vigorous hand than Fletcher's, with less mannerism, especially in the description of the corona-

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tion, and the character of Wolsey ; and yet it had not to my mind the freshness and originality of Shakspeare. It was pathetic and graceful, but one could see how it was done. Katharine's last speeches, however, smacked strongly again of Fletcher. And altogether it seemed to me that if this Act had occurred in one of the plays written by Beaumont and Fletcher in conjunction, it would probably have been thought that both of them had had a hand in it.

"The first scene of the 5th Act, and the opening of the second, I should again have confidently ascribed to Shakspeare, were it not that the whole passage seemed so strangely out of place. I could only suppose (what may indeed be supposed well enough if my conjecture with regard to the authorship of the several parts be correct), that the task of putting the whole together had been left to an inferior hand ; in which case I could consider this to be a genuine piece of Shakspeare's work, spoiled by being introduced where it had no business. In the execution of the christening scene, on the other hand (in spite again of the earliest and strongest associations), I could see no evidence of Shakspeare's hand at all ; while in point of *design* it seemed inconceivable that a judgment like his could have been content with a conclusion so little in harmony with the prevailing spirit and purpose of the piece."

Spedding next probes in detail the style of the play, and argues that those verbal passages which he refuses to Shakspeare are not only inconsistent in aesthetic effect with the passages which he allows to Shakspeare, but are also dissimilar in kind from Shakspeare's style *at any period in his development*, thus disposing of the theory that Shakspeare might have

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written different portions of the play at various dates. Finally Spedding examines the metre of the verse, and proclaims that the redundant syllable at the end of lines occurs only with unusual frequency in those scenes which he had already assigned to Fletcher. Anyone with an eye and an ear for literary style who contrasts the scenes and lines which Spedding attributes to Shakespeare with those which he does not, and compares them with the characteristic style of *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*, cannot fail to appreciate Spedding's aesthetic perception.

A formidable difficulty, however, arises not over the Spedding-Shakespeare passages, but over the passages presented by Spedding to Fletcher. Spedding was prompted to make this rich and momentous gift to Fletcher largely in consequence of a casual remark by Tennyson that "many passages in *Henry VIII* were very much in the manner of Fletcher." Such a remark, made as it were over the wine and walnuts, was impressive, especially coming from a Poet Laureate with a long black beard. But an equally famous poet with a short red beard was not impressed. These Spedding-Tennyson-Fletcher passages, thought Swinburne, may not be good enough, or Shakespearean enough in texture, to be Shakespeare's, but they are considerably too good to be Fletcher's. In favour of which dissentient view we must remember that in his analytical process Spedding, who gave to Shakespeare only the first two scenes of Act I, the third and fourth scenes of Act II, the second scene of Act III, and the first scene of Act V, had left Fletcher endowed with all the most striking, popular, and memorable parts of the play, the reputation of which depends almost

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entirely upon them. According to Spedding, Fletcher is the author of Buckingham's magnificent farewell in II, 1, including "And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me," the superb scene, iv. 1, of Katharine's death, which Johnson numbered "among the greatest efforts of tragedy," the striking outburst of prophecy by Cranmer in v. 14, and Wolsey's exquisite farewell to his greatness in III. 2, which, by a curious irony, if Spedding is correct in giving the speech to Fletcher, is one of the most famous of Shakespeare's speeches. Such passages as these, maintains Swinburne in his *Study of Shakespeare*, display a "loftier self-control and severer self-command" than Fletcher displays on any other occasion throughout his known works. If the farewell speeches of Buckingham and Wolsey "were all," Swinburne writes, "we might be content to believe that the dignity of the subject and the high example of his present associate had for once lifted the natural genius of Fletcher above itself. . . . But on the hypothesis so ably maintained by Mr. Spedding there hangs no less a consequence than this : that we must assign to the same hand the crowning glory of the whole poem, the death scene of Katharine. Now, if Fletcher could have written that scene . . . a scene so far beyond our applause, so far above our acclamation, then the memory of no great poet has ever been so grossly wronged, so shamefully defrauded of its highest claim to honour. But, with all reverence for that memory, I must confess that I cannot bring myself to believe it. Any explanation appears to me more probable than this."

To his negative fervour Swinburne then adds a positive suggestion as intriguing as it is brief : "We contend that the exceptional quality (of the play's

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style) might perhaps be explicable as a tentative essay in a new line by one who tried so many styles before settling into his latest."

It requires a poet not only to appreciate but also to understand a poet. Is it possible that Swinburne, a poet, unequipped and unhampered by the apparatus of scientific criticism, hit almost by chance in a short, tentative suggestion on the truth, and that Shakespeare, who throughout his literary life had been miraculous, performed yet one more miracle before stopping work? Tired, perhaps he was and a trifle bored; without need, after a lifetime of unceasing prodigy, to add either to his funds or to his fame, which might easily explain the manifest weaknesses and blemishes of the play. Yet he could not lift a pen without its turning to a wand, and it is possible that his last sorcery was not that of Prospero's farewell, phrased in the long-known imperial language, but of Wolsey speaking a new speech, as simple and unassuming as the author himself might wish to speak at the last :—

I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

For more than twenty years the poet had borne upon his shoulders the well-nigh intolerable burden of the problems of human life. Now that the work was accomplished, he might lay down that burden, and, having made an abnormal success of this world, might he himself not be preparing, in company with less extraordinary men, to find the secret to success hereafter ?—

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The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these
shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

This theory, attractive as it is, is nevertheless only theory, and it is still open to every student of the play to weigh the evidence, and to come to what conclusion he may.

2. THE PLAY

Pepys, who was an adept at saying sharp things about Shakespeare, remarked that *Henry VIII* was 'made up of a great many patches.' It has been the habit of most literary critics to take the same view and, without even the justification which Pepys possessed of being a theatre-goer, to say what a very poor play this famous play is. It is episodic, these critics complain, and the episodes do not even hang together. At the start interest centres round Buckingham, but he has to bid us farewell after five scenes, nor is his Ghost, like that of Caesar or Banquo, permitted to prolong his influence. Wolsey is also an impressive and central protagonist during the first three acts, but he also is forced to say good-bye before Act IV, remarking correctly, "When I am forgotten, as I shall be." Cranmer, who takes Wolsey's place, does not appear till Act V, and is then too engrossed in his own difficulties with the Council to look back in thought or purpose to Wolsey. The case is the same with Katharine and Anne. Katharine is a dominating figure while she lives—Johnson extrava-

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gantly said that "the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine"—but after her death, Anne, though she takes on her place as Henry's wife, does not take on her place in our interest or sympathy. Finally dissatisfaction is strongly expressed at the play's apparent lack of a unified spirit: our emotions, it is said, are caused to move in two conflicting directions; throughout the earlier action we are made to sympathise with Katharine and to feel how heartless was Henry's treatment of her, whereas in the subsequent episodes we are invited to share in Henry's jubilation over his marriage with Anne, and in the joyful production of Queen Elizabeth.

No wonder, if this really is the impression the play makes, that Hertzberg irritably remarked that it is nothing but "a chronicle-history with three and a half catastrophes, varied by a marriage and a coronation pageant, ending abruptly with the baptism of a child . . . all this only loosely connected by the nominal hero." Such criticism may be true, and yet if this were the whole truth it remains to be explained why *Henry VIII* is as famous and popular as any of Shakespeare's history plays. It is not enough to attribute its popularity to a few speeches of literary appeal, for it is notable that the play is acted at regular, if not frequent, intervals, that the part of Katharine has been popular with distinguished actresses from Mrs. Siddons to Dame Sybil Thorndike, that Kemble and Irving and Tree delighted themselves and their audiences in the part of Wolsey, and that Tree's production inspired Sir Edward German to compose in his *Henry VIII* dances some of the most delightful of modern English melodies.

The explanation is that, with all its spiritual incon-

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sistencies and problems of literary style, *Henry VIII* is "good theatre." This virtue, which may be claimed as the prime requisite of a play, is often insufficiently, and sometimes totally, unappreciated by critics who, because a play has literary as well as dramatic qualities, think themselves justified in judging it only on literary grounds. An interesting case in point is the rejection of Falstaff at the close of *Henry IV, Part II*. Critics, including the eminent Dr. A. C. Bradley, who devoted a long and serious essay to the question, censure this episode as causing the new King to take up an inconsistently disagreeable and treacherous attitude towards his former grand old boon companion. But if Dr. Bradley had ever produced the play upon the stage, and known the desirability of providing a final theatrical "kick" at the fall of the last curtain, instead of allowing academic problems of psychology to trouble him, he might have recognised in the rejection scene nothing more nor less than Shakespeare's theatrical master-hand.

So throughout *Henry VIII* the action may be episodic, the emphasis on the characters may shift too abruptly, the spiritual significance may be contradictory, but the scene is never dull. In the first scene we witness an arrest, in the second we hear a wife's passionate supplication, in the fourth we watch a Masque (with a King of England disguised as a shepherd), in the fifth we see Buckingham led to the block, in the eighth we attend a trial, in the tenth we hear Wolsey taking the most pathetic of all stage farewells, in the eleventh we have a coronation procession, in the twelfth a death scene, in the fifteenth a King soundly rates his Council, and in the final scene, in a climax of processional pomp and heraldry, we assist

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at the christening of the greatest of the Queens of England.

Whoever wrote this play might have studied to reach perfection in other respects, but in the art of sustaining the interest of his audience he shows himself perfectly instructed. In *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and even *The Tempest*, there are dramatic shortcomings. With so much perfection accomplished already, Shakespeare did not mind or care. Why should not the same apply to *Henry VIII*? Is not such a view consistent with the suggestion previously advanced that Shakespeare and no other is the author of the entire play, unconcernedly responsible for its imperfections and as unconcernedly responsible for the old theatrical cunning, the unerring sense of effect. Does not the drama, in fact, bear the authentic Shakespearean stamp—a prodigality which can afford to be imperfect allied to a skill which cannot help knowing its job?

3. THE CHARACTERS

The King

Hertzberg was justified in calling the King the mere “nominal hero,” nor is he even a hero in any polite sense of the word. Julius Caesar plays a short and unimpressive part in the tragedy which Shakespeare named after him: the eighth Henry plays a part as short and even less impressive. For while the spirit of the dead Caesar stalks abroad to work revenge upon his murderers, Henry remains alive, and except that he is shown responsible for the birth of Queen Elizabeth, he has done nothing by the end of the action which is heroic or even edifying. His noble and pathetic Katharine he hounds to death; his Wolsey's

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fortune and heart he breaks, Buckingham he beheads, while Anne he enthrones as his Queen with personal consequences to that unfortunate beauty too notorious in history to be forgotten by the audience although the play ends before the end of Anne. Only in standing up for Cranmer against the Council does Henry invite respect : yet even in that action one suspects alloy. The dominating characteristic of the King throughout is shown to be an overbearing personal imperiousness, selfish, sensual, and arrogant. The Council arraigns an individual whom Henry—for the time—has chosen to favour. Therefore the Council must be put in their place, which Henry does in a characteristically dictatorial manner :

I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council ; but I find none. . . .

Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye

Power as he was a counsellor to try him,

Not as a groom : there's some of ye, I see,

More out of malice than integrity,

Would try him to the outmost, had ye mean ;

Which ye shall never have while I live.

Is this a righteous monarch standing up for oppression against arrogance, or is it an arrogant monarch asserting himself against competition ? It is little wonder that Wolsey did not survive that *faux pas*, "*Ego et Rex meus*." All rivals and such as do not find favour in his sight—Queen, Prelate, and Noble alike—Henry sweeps from his path to destruction with a fiery and savage egotism.

A modern film of Henry VIII has been criticised for doing less than justice to the King's greater qualities,

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but if, as alleged, the screen picture is a caricature of His Majesty, Shakespeare's study is an equally notable offence.

Wolsey

"Like master like man." If Henry is a secular tyrant, Wolsey is represented as a spiritual tyrant, whose tyranny is not even confined to the spiritual sphere. The best that can be said for the Cardinal is that he injures rich and poor alike, plotting against the nobles and wringing from the common people outrageous taxes with merciless greed. The venom in his character reaches a climax in his cold-blooded policy of bringing about the ruin of Katharine. The only object of his regard is the Pope whom he woos behind the King's back with a view to getting himself appointed papal legate. With justification Gervinus describes him as "Half fox, half wolf," and it is in keeping both with justice and the way of human nature, that Henry, who is represented as sharing the vices of the Cardinal's temperament in so many respects, turns suddenly upon his brother tyrant, rending him as one savage animal will rend another.

Yet by the wizardry of the poet's art, by an extraordinary instance of poetic injustice, Shakespeare provides the Cardinal with such infinitely moving words of farewell that we are tempted to forget his misdeeds, hypnotised by the beauty of his resignation. To hear Wolsey exhorting Cromwell to throw away ambition is to be unconscious that any such trait was ever in Wolsey's own nature : to hear him charge Cromwell to "serve the king" is to think that Wolsey himself devoted himself exclusively to the royal service : to hear him renounce the pomp and glory

INTRODUCTION

of this world is to forget that Hampton Court was ever built.

Had I but served my God with half the zeal .
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

“Had I.” . . . One feels that proviso is hardly enough, and that the Cardinal would have had to serve his God with a very different kind of zeal if he would have been sure of securing the Divine fidelity.

Katharine and Anne

In Katharine and Anne a contrast is drawn between two women rather than between two Queens. Katharine, daughter of a Spanish King, has the dignity and imperious fortitude natural to her birth, yet she has also the simple loyalty belonging to a naturally affectionate and pure nature. She defends herself with eloquence at her trial, yet when bidden to return a second time to the room, she refuses with the strength of outraged innocence. When at last she is compassed about by her enemies, caught finally in the snare of the King's selfish disloyalty and the hypocritical craft of the king's ministers, the inherent nobility of her spirit waxes in proportion as her physical strength ebbs. Such pride as there had been in her resistance to her oppressors is purged utterly from her spirit in the last scene in which we see her; she listens with gracious attention to Griffith's apology for Wolsey, and her waiting-woman, Patience, who leads her away to die, is appropriately named.

Anne, who appears in only two scenes of the play, in the first of which she speaks only a few words,

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differs from Katharine as much in dramatic representation as in historical fact. With nothing in her origin but beauty to place her on the throne, she displays none of the dignity of the royal daughter of Spain. We see her for longest in company with an Old Lady to whose coarseness of conversation Anne gives an unoffended ear. Yet she has percipient good-nature, and it is not with intentional irony on her part that she pays tribute to the goodness of Katharine whom she is to supplant. It is her natural power of fascination and the King's roving susceptibility, and no deliberate design of her own, which raise Anne to the throne :

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world,

she affirms. Shakespeare has only to follow history in making her belie the oath, yet he has also done his part in displaying her character as unlikely to make a lasting success of her dizzy achievement. "It faints me to think what follows," murmurs Shakespeare's new Marchioness of Pembroke. Could he, in view of her ultimate historical fate, have made her utter more graphic words ?

G. B.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY the Eighth.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Lord Chamberlain.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

Bishop of Lincoln.

SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

LORD ABERGAVENNY.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

LORD SANDS.

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.

Three Gentlemen.

DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.

Garter King-at-Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergcant-at-Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-chamber.

Porter, and his Man. Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.

ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows ; Women attending upon the Queen ; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants. Spirits.

SCENE : *London ; Westminster ; Kimbolton.*

PROLOGUE

I COME no more to make you laugh : things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree 10
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived ; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring, 20
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye : think ye see
The very persons of our noble story

KING HENRY VIII

As they were living ; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends ; then in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery : 30
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no clement
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion 50
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon 60
For high feats done to the crown ; neither allied
To eminent assistants ; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
'The force of his own merit makes his way ;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver eye
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him : whence has he that,
If not from hell ? the devil is a niggard, 70
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privy o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file

Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,
(The honourable board of council out),
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know 80

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue ?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was 90
A thing inspired ; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy ; That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out ;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced ?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace ; and purchased
At a superfluous rate !

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace,

The state takes notice of the private difference 101
 Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
 And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
 Honour and plentcous safety—that you read
 The cardinal's malice and his potency
 Together ; to consider further that
 What his high hatred would effect wants not
 A minister in his power. You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful, and I know his sword
 Hath a sharp edge : it's long and, 't may be said, 110
 It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
 That I advise your shunning.

*Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before him;
 certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers.
 The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCK-
 INGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha ?
 Where's his examination ?

First Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready ?

First Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more ; and Buck-
 ingham

Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
 Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book 122
 Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed ?
 Ask God for temperance ; that's the appliance only
 Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me ; and his eye reviled
Me, as his abject object : at this instant
He bores me with some trick : he's gone to the king ;
I'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question 130
What 'tis you go about : to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first : anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king ;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140
That it do singe yourself : we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it ? Be advised :
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along 150
By your prescription : but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July when

We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not " treasonous."

Buck. To the king I'll say't ; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160
As able to perform't ; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased ; and they were ratified 170
As he cried " thus let be " : to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead : but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation :
His fears were, that the interview betwixt 180
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him : he privily
Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,—

Which I do well ; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised ; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd ; but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal 191
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable :
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant-at-arms before him, and
two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.
Serg. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I 200
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me ! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present : 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven

Be done in this and all things ! I obey. 210

O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well !

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The king
[*To Abergavenny.*

Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber.

As the duke said,

The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd !

Bran.

Here is a warrant from

The king to attach Lord Montacute ; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck.

So, so ; 219

These are the limbs o' the plot : no more, I hope ;

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck.

O, Nicholas Hopkins ?

Bran.

He.

Buck. My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold ; my life is spann'd already :
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter the KING, leaning on the CARDINAL's
shoulder, the Nobles, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL ;
the CARDINAL places himself under the KING's feet on
his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks

[ACT I]

A noise within, crying "Room for the Queen!" Enter QUEEN KATHARINE, ushered by the DUKE OF NORFOLK, and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK: she kneels. The KING riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

King. Arise, and take place by us : half your suit
Never name to us : you have half our power : II
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;
Repeat your will and take it.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

14

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear ; for, upon these taxations, 30
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation !
Wherein ? and what taxation ? My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us, ..
Know you of this taxation ?

Wol. Please you, sir, 40
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state ; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others ; but you frame
Things that are known alike ; which are not whole-
some

To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say 50
They are devised by you ; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction !
The nature of it ? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction ?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience ; but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is named, your wars in France : this makes bold
mouths : 60

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them ; their curses now
Live where their prayers did : and it's come to
pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice ; and that not pass'd me but 70
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,

Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
 Things done without example, in their issue 90
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
 A trembling contribution ! Why, we take
 From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county
 Where this is question'd send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
 The force of this commission : pray, look to't ;
 I put't to your care.

Wol.

A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved
 commons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be noised
 That through our intercession this revokement
 And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

King.

It grieves many : 110

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker ;
To nature none more bound ; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find 120
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what
you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected 130
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his : these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny ; to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person 140
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches

Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on :
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught ?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins ?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor ; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this ? 150

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey : I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk ; " that oft," says he, 160
" Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued : Neither the king nor's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper : bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty : the duke 170

Shall govern England."

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants : take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul : I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived ; and that 'twas dangerous
for him

To ruminate on this so far, until 180
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do : he answer'd, " Tush,
It can do me no damage " ; adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah ha !
There's mischief in this man : canst thou say further ?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

King. I remember 190
Of such a time : being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on ; what hence ?

Surv. " If," quoth he, " I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon

The usurper Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,
 Made suit to come in's presence ; which if granted,
 As he made semblance of his duty, would
 Have put his knife into him."

King. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in
 freedom, 200

And this man out of prison ?

Q. Kath. God mend all !

King. There's something more would out of thee ;
 what say'st ?

Surv. After " the duke his father," with " the knife,"
 He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
 Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
 He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenour
 Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo
 His father by as much as a performance
 Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
 To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ; 210
 Call him to present trial : if he may
 Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
 Let him not seek 't of us : by day and night,
 He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
 Men into such strange mysteries ?

Sands. New customs,
 Though they be never so ridiculous,
 Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd ones ;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones : one
would take it,
That never saw 'em pacc before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death ! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now !

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for ?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors. 20

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there : now I would pray our
monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean

Cham. h they have in tennis, and tall stockings, 30
 Sweet blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
 Place, understand again like honest men ;
 His back to their old playfellows : there, I take it,
 Two y may, " cum privilegio," wear away
 My lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
 Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
 Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
 There will be woe indeed, lords :

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow. 40

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em ! I am glad they are
 going,

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em : now
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song
 And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r lady,
 Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands ;
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
 Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
 Whither were you a-going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's :
 Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true : 50
 This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
 To many lords and ladies ; there will be
 The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind
 indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he's nobles ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord ; has wherewithal : in
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine .
Men of his way should be most liberal ;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Hall in York Place.*

Hautboys. *A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door ; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.*

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all ; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. O, my lord, you're tardy :

*Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, and
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
 Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry, 10
 Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
 His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
 Two women placed together makes cold weather:
 My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
 Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
 And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:
 If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
 I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
 But he would bite none; just as I do now, 20
 He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*]

Cham. Well said, my lord.
 So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
 The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
 Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
 Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, and takes his state.

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
 Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
 Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
 And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble:
 Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks, 30
 And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
 I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.
 Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,
 Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first ~~must~~ rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we ~~shall~~ have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*]

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit Servant.*]

Wol. What warlike voice, 41

And to what end, is this ? Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war you're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now ! what is't ?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers ;
For so they seem : they've left their barge and landed ;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome ; you can speak the French
tongue ;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty 50
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and tables
removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all : and once more
I shower a welcome on you ; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They pass directly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty, 60
But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace ; for which I
pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[*They choose Ladies for the dance.*
The King chooses Anne Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee ! [Music. Dance.

Wol. My lord !

Cham. Your grace ?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me :
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom, 70
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord. [*Whispers the Masquers.*

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed ; which they would have your grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen ; here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. Ye have found him, cardinal : [*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad 80
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,
Prithce, come hither : what fair lady's that ?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter—

The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen !
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace, 90
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one : sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you : let's be merry :
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again ; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II

SCENE I. *Westminster. A street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast ?

Sec. Gent. O, God save ye !

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there ?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty ?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it ? 10

First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar ; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney on the contrary
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses ; which the duke desired

To have brought vivâ voce to his face :
 At which appear'd against him his surveyor ;
 Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car, 20
 Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he
 That fed him with his prophecies ?

First Gent. The same.
 All these accused him strongly ; which he fain
 Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :
 And so his peers, upon this evidence,
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
 He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
 Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,
 to hear 31
 His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
 And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :
 But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
 In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not :
 He never was so womanish ; the cause
 He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly
 The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely, 40
 By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,
 Then deputy of Ireland ; who removed,
 Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
 Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state

Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. 'This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
'The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience, 50
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him bounteous Buck-
ingham,

The mirror of all courtesy ;—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; tipstaves before him ; the axe with the edge towards him ; halberds on each side : accompanied with SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, and common people.

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die : yet, heaven bear
witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death ;
'T has done upon the premises, but justice :
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians :
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,

Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I pe'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies 70
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved
me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's
name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart 80
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with : no black
envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace ;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live 90
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be !
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward
Bohun :

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 110
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
'That made me happy at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes
me

A little happier than my wretched father : 120
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes : both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most ;
A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels

Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again 130
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done ; and God forgive me !
[*Exeunt Duke and Train.*]

First Gent. 'O, this is full of pity ! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling 140
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us !
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident ;
You shall, sir : did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine ?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not :
For when the king once heard it, out of anger 150
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,

Is found a truth now : for it grows again
 Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain
 The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
 Or some about him near, have, out of malice
 To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
 That will undo her : to confirm this too,
 Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately ; 160
 As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal ;
 And merely to revenge him on the emperor
 For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
 The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark : but is't
 not cruel
 That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal
 Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woful.
 We are too open here to argue this ;
 Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading a letter.

Cham. " My lord, the horses your lordship sent for,
 with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and
 furnished. They were young and handsome, 'and of
 the best breed in the north. When they were ready
 to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by
 commission and main power, took 'em from me ; with
 this reason : His master would be served before a sub-
 ject, if not before the king ; which stopped our mouths,
 sir."

I fear he will indeed : well, let him have them : 10
 He will have all, I think.

*Enter, to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the DUKES OF
NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause ?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so :
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune, 20
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do ! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business !
And with what zeal ! for, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs ; and all these for his marriage :
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her 30
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king : and is not this course pious ?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis
most true

These news are every where ; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't : all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end, 40
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance ;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages ; all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed : 50
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in ;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him :
My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me ;
The king has sent me elsewhere : besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him : 60
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

*[Exit Lord Chamberlain ; and the King draws the
curtain, and sits reading pensively.]*

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there, ha ?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say ? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate ; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold : 70
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, with a commission.

Who's there ? my good lord cardinal ? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience ;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*] You're
welcome,

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom :
Use us and it. [*To Wol.*] My good lord, have great
care

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy ; go. 80

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him ?

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of :

I would not be so sick though for his place :
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*]

I another.

[*Exeunt Nor. and Suf.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness, 90
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices : Rome, the nurse of judgement,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campcius ;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him
welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves :
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd
for. 100

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-
quainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner ?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that 110
A woman of less place might ask by law :
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my
favour
To him that does best : God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit Wolsey.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand : much
joy and favour to you ;
You are the king's now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was. 122

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so grieved him,
That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !
That's Christian care enough : for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ; 131
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment :
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit Gardiner.]

The most convenient place that I can think of
 For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars ;
 There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
 My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord, 140
 Would it not grieve an able man to leave
 So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, conscience !
 O, 'tis a tender place ; and I must leave her.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither ; here's the pang that
 pinches :

His highness having lived so long with her, and she
 So good a lady that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her ; by my life,
 She never knew harm-doing : O, now, after
 So many courses of the sun enthroned,
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
 To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter than
 'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
 To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity 10
 Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will ! much better
 She ne'er had known pomp ; though 't be temporal,
 Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
 As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady !
 She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content, 20
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't ; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings ; and which gifts,
Saving your mincing, the capacity 31
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth ; you would not be a
queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange : a three-pence bow'd would
hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it : but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?

Anne. No, in truth.

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth
to know 40
The secret of your conference ?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women : there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen !

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty 50
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers and
wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, 60
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused her
well ;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king : and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem

To lighten all this isle ? I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Anne. My honour'd lord. 70

Old L. Why, this it is ; see, see !

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !
A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story, 80
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt : have you heard it ?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect !
No other obligation ! By my life,
That promises moe thousands : honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess : say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne. Good lady, 90

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot : it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence : pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me ? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands ; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors ; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone ; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH ; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat ; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross ; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace ; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars ; after them, side by side, the two CARDINALS ; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The KING takes place under the cloth of state ; the two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory ; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need ?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd ;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so. Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court. 11

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet ; then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice ;
And to bestow your pity on me : for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, 20
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable ;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined : when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged ? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you : if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,

My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 40
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgement : Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
 A year before : it is not to be question'd 50
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful : wherefore I
 humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised ; whose counsel
 I will implore : if not, i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,
 And of your choice, these reverend fathers ; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled 60
 To plead your cause : it shall be therefore bootless
 That longer you desire the court ; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
 Hath spoken well and justly : therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
 To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath. Sir,

I am about to weep ; but, thinking that 70
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge ; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me :
Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul 81
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess

You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong :

I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you or any : how far I have proceeded, 90
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
The king is present : if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know

That I am free of your report, he knows
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him 100
 It lies to cure me : and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you : the which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking
 And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-
 mouth'd ;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility ; but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride. 110
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
 Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour than
 Your high profession spiritual : that again
 I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, 120
 And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by't : 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the
 court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it ? pray you, keep
your way :

When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience ! Pray you, pass on :
I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more 131
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.]

King.

Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that : thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out, 140
The queen of earthly queens ; she's noble born ;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol.

Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness ; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might 150
Induce you to the question on't ? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person ?

King.

My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,

I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these 160
The queen is put in anger. You're excused :
But will you be more justified ? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never
desired

It to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it : on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention :
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ; give
heed to't :

My conscience first received a tenderness, 170
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary : i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite ;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager, 180
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast ; which forced such way,
That many mazed considerings did throng
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,

If it conceived a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to't than 190
 The grave does to the dead ; for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them : hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgement on me ; that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me : then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together ; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
 By all the reverend fathers of the land
 And doctors learn'd : first I began in private
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek,
 When I first moved you.

Lin.

Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long : be pleased yourself to say
 How far you satisfied me.

Lin.

So please your highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me, 212
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't
 And consequence of dread, that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt ;
 And did entreat your highness to this course
 Which you are running here.

King.

I then moved you,
 My Lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
 To make this present summons : unsolicited

' left no reverend person in this court ; 220
 But by particular consent proceeded
 Under your hands and seals : therefore, go on ;
 For no dislike i' the world against the person
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward :
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come with her,
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
 That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness 231
 That we adjourn this court till further day :
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
 She intends unto his holiness.

King. [*Aside*] I may perceive
 These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
 This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
 Prithee, return : with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court : 240
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. *London. The QUEEN's apartments.*

Enter the QUEEN and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad
with troubles ;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst : leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea, 10
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now !

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me ?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their busi-
ness

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour ?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't, 21
They should be good men ; their affairs as righteous :
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a house-
wife,

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here :
'There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner : would all other women 31
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina
serenissima,— 41

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin ;
I am not such a truant since my coming,

As not to know the language I have lived in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious ;

Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;
Believe me, she has had much wrong : lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady, 50
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,
You have too much, good lady ; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions 60
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills ;
Ye speak like honest men ; pray God, ye prove so
But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,

In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men or such business.
 For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause :
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless ! 80

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these
 fears :

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
 But little for my profit : can you think, lords,
 'That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
 Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
 And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 'They that must weigh out my afflictions,
 'They that my trust must grow to, live not here :
 'They are, as all my other comforts, far hence 90
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir ?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protec-
 tion ;
 He's loving and most gracious : 'twill be much
 Both for your honour better and your cause ;
 For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
 You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin :
 Is this your Christian counsel ? out upon ye !
 Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge 100
 That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye : holy men I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye :
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
I will not wish ye half my miseries ;
I have more charity : but say, I warn'd ye ;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye. 111

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing : woe upon ye
And all such false professors ! would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity ;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago ! I am old, my lords, 120
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness ? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me speak
myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one ?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion ?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king ? loved him next heaven ? obey'd
him ? 130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim
at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty
To give up willingly that noble title 140
Your master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady !
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes !
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me ; 150
Almost no grave allow'd me : like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort : why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it :
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm : pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
virtues

With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts 170
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves
you ;

Beware you lose it not : for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray,
forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly ;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty :
He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers 180
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Ante-chamber to the KING's apartment.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the
EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal

Cannot stand under them : if you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise
 But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
 With these you bear already.

Sur.

I am joyful

To meet the least occasion that may give me
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
 To be revenged on him.

Suf.

Which of the peers

Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least 10
 Strangely neglected ? when did he regard
 The stamp of nobleness in any person
 Out of himself ?

Cham.

My lords, you speak your pleasures :

What he deserves of you and me I know ;
 What we can do to him, though now the time
 Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
 Bar his access to the king, never attempt
 Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft
 Over the king in's tongue.

Nor.

O, fear him not ;

His spell in that is out : the king hath found 20
 Matter against him that for ever mars
 The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
 Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur.

Sir,

I should be glad to hear such news as this
 Once every hour.

Nor.

Believe it, this is true :

In the divorce his contrary proceedings
 Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears
 As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur.

How came

His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how ?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness 32
To stay the judgement o' the divorce ; for if
It did take place, " I do," quoth he, " perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic 40
After his patient's death : the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to't !

Nor. All men's !

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her 50
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no ;

There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you 60
The king cried Ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry Ha ! louder !

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions ; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager 70
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear,
Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal !

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind ; a heed 80

Was in his countenance. You he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad ?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*]

[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister : he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :

There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen !

No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke !

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough, 92

Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a
knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !

This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;

Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous

And well deserving ? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of 100

Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart !

Enter the KING, reading of a schedule, and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king !

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together ! Now, my lords, 110
Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him ; some strange commotion
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be ;
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning 120
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required : and wot you what I found
There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing ;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will :
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think 130
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings : but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

*[King takes his seat ; whispers Lovell,
who goes to the Cardinal.]*

Wol. Heaven forgive me !
Ever God bless your highness !

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140
To keep your earthly audit ; sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well 151
With my well saying !

King. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you :
He said he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,

I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [Aside] What should this mean ? 160

Sur. [Aside] The Lord increase this business !

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires, 170
Yet filed with my abilities : mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
'The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answered ;
A loyal and obedient subject is 180
Therein illustrated : the honour of it
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any ; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,

Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess 190
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own ; that I am true and will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken :
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this ;
[Giving him papers.]

And after, this : and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey : the Nobles
throng after him, smiling and whispering.]*

Wol. What should this mean ?
What sudden anger's this ? How have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so ;
This paper has undone me : 'tis the account 210
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence !
Fit for a fool to fall by : what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
 No new device to beat this from his brains ?
 I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this ? " To the
 Pope ! " 220

The letter, as I live, with all the business . . .
 I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell !
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter to WOLSEY, the DUKES of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK,
 the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal ; who com-
 mands you

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands ; and to confine yourself 230
 To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
 Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol.

Stay :

Where's your commission, lords ? Words cannot carry
 Authority so weighty.

Suf.

Who dare cross 'em,
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,
 I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
 I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy :
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240
 As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !

Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me ;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents : now, who'll take it ? 250

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ; 260
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you 270
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth

Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king : your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state 290
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember 301

Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry " guilty," cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have
at you !

First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops. 310

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, " Ego et Rex meus "
Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance, 320
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance—

By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham.

O my lord, 330

Press not a falling man too far ! 'tis virtue :
 His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
 Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
 So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,
 Because all those things you have done of late,
 By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
 Fall into the compass of a praemunire,
 That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
 To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements, 340
 Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
 Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer
 About the giving back the great seal to us,
 The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
 So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth 350
 The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me and now has left me, 360
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, ^{side} ~~the~~ ruin they
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have :
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell !

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder 372

A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now ; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,

I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken 380

A load would sink a navy, too much honour :

O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use
 of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,

To endure more miseries and greater far

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him ! 390

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news, indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne, 400
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O

Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me : all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now 411
To be thy lord and master : seek the king ;
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : good Cromwell,

Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom.

O my lord,

Must I, then, leave you ? must I needs forgo 420
So good, so noble and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be, 430
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ? 440
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O

Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
And,—prithee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe, 450
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent. You're well met once again.

Sec. Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold

'The Lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true : but that time offer'd sorrow ;

This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well : the citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—

In celebration of this day with shows, 10
Pageants and sights of honour.

First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand ?

First Gent. Yes ; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward ; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal : you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir : had I not known those
customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager ? how goes her business ?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The Arch-
bishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill where the princess lay ; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not :
And, to be short, for not appearance and 30
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect :
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton
Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent.

Alas, good lady !

The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is
coming. [Trumpets.
[Hautboys.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION

1. *A lively flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then, two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing.* [Music.
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter,
in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper
crown.*

6. Marquess DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
7. Duke of SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
8. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports ; under it, the Queen in her robe ; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.
9. The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know :
Who's that that bears the sceptre ?

First Gent. Marquess Dorset :
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk ?

First Gent. 'Tis the same : high-steward. 41

Sec. Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk ?

First Gent. Yes.

Sec. Gent. Heaven bless thee !

[Looking on the Queen.]

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

Sec. Gent. Those men are happy ; and so are all are
near her. 50

I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars
indeed ;
And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent. No more of that.

[*Exit procession, and then a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

First Gent. God save you, sir ! where have you been
broiling ?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the Abbey ; where
a finger
Could not be wedged in more : I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony ?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it ? 60

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man : which when the people 70
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up ; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say ' This is my wife ' there ; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But what follow'd ? 81

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with
modest paces
Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people :
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir, 90
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung " Te Deum." So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that's past ;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost :
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it ;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Werc those that went on each side of the queen ?

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one of
Winchester, 101
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,
The other, London.

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that :
However, yet there is no great breach ; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you ?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell ;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him master
O' the jewel house, 111
And one, already, of the privy council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests :
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between GRIFFITH,
her gentleman usher, and PATIENCE, her woman.*

Grif. How does your grace ?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death !
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair :
So ; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily 10
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At-last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably received him ;
To whom he gave these words, " O, father abbot, 20
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! "

So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still : and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. 30

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man

Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes ; one that, by suggestion,
 'Tith'd all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;
 His own opinion was his 'law : i' the presence
 He would say untruths ; and be ever double
 Both in his words and meaning : he was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful : 40
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing :
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle. 50
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
 But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely : ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ; 60
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;

For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions, 70
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour : peace be with him !
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

[*Sad and solemn music.*]

Grif. She is asleep : good wench, let's sit down
quiet,
For fear we wake her : softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces ; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance ; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head ; at which the other four make reverent curtsies ; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head : which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order : at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing,

and holdeth up her hands to heaven : and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? are ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for :
Saw ye none enter since I slept ?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?

They promised me eternal happiness ; 90

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden ?
How long her face is drawn ? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold ? Mark her eyes !

Grif. She is going, wench : pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow : 100
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,

To use so rude behaviour ; go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the 'king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : but this
fellow

Let me ne'er see again. (*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*)

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110

Cap. Madam, the same ; your servant.

Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too
late ; 120

'Tis like a pardon after execution :
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me ;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom ! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away ?

Pat.

No, madam.

[*Giving it to Katharine.*]*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.*Cap.*

Most willing, madam. 130

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little
'To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long 140
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lie, but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble :
And, surc, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men ; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, 150
And something over to remember me by :
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents : and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.*Cap.*

By heaven, I will,

Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness : 161
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world ; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour : strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me, 170
Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not ?

Boy.

It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for neccessitics,
Not for delights ; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas !

Whither so late ?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord ?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas ; and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov.

I must to him too,

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter ?

10

It seems you are in haste : an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business : affairs, that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov.

My lord, I love you ;

And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
labour,

They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find 21
Good time, and live : but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas : you're a gentleman
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me, 30
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue ; and who dare speak
One syllable against him ?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventured 40
To speak my mind of him : and indeed this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incensed the lords o' the council, that he is,
For so I know he is, they know he is,

A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land : with which they moved
Have broken with the king ; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded 50
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord : I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

Enter the KING and SUFFOLK.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night ;
My mind's not on't ; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. 60
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your high-
ness

Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou, ha ?
To pray for her ? what, is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman ; and that her sufferance
made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady !

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and 70
With gentle travail, to the gladding of

Your highness with an heir !

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles ;
Prithee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen : Leave me alone ;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night ; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows ?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha ! Canterbury ? 81

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true : where is he, Denny ?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*]

Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop spake :
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*] Ha !

I have said. Be gone.

What ! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful : wherefore frowns he
thus ?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How, now, my lord ! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty 90
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;
I have news to tell you : come, come, give me your
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows :
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall 100
'This morning come before us ; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower : you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness ;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know, 111
'There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury :
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend : give me thy hand, stand up :
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege, 121
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person ; ' which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole
world ?
Your enemies are many, and not small ; their
practices
Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries 130
The due o' the verdict with it : at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you ? such things have been done.
You are potently opposed ; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to ;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty 140
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me !

King. Be of good cheer ;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see
You do appear before them : if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties

Will render you no remedy, this ring 150
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them. Look, the good man
 weeps !
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !
 I swear he is true-hearted ; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He has
 strangled
 His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady, LOVELL following.

Gent. [*Within*] Come back : what mean you ?

Old L. I'll not come back : the tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person 160
 Under their blessed wings !

King. Now, by thy looks
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?
 Say, ay ; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege ;
 And of a lovely boy : the God of heaven
 Both now and ever bless her ! 'tis a girl,
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger : 'tis as like you
 As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell !

Lov. Sir ?

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
 queen. [*Exit*

Old L. An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll ha'
 more. 171

An ordinary groom is for such payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him ?
I will have more, or else unsay't ; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Before the council-chamber.*

*Pursuivants, Pages, etc., attending. Enter CRANMER.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late ; and yet the
gentleman
That was sent to me from the council pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast ? what means this ? Ho !
Who waits there ? Sure, you know me ?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord ;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why ?

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.
Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily : the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts, 10
The king's physician : as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace ! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice—
To quench mine honour : they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,

'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—

King. What's that, Butts? 20

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. 'There, my lord :
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

King. Ha ! 'tis he, indeed :
Is this the honour they do one another ?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour, 30
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close :
We shall hear more anon. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Council-Chamber.*

*Enter LORD CHANCELLOR ; places himself at the upper
end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void
above him, as for CANTERBURY'S seat. DUKE OF
SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD
CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, seat themselves in order
on each side. CROMWELL at lower end, as secretary.
Keeper at the door.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary :

Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there ?

Keep. Without, my noble lords ?

Gar. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop ;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty : but we all are men, 10

In our own natures frail, and capable

Of our flesh ; few are angels : out of which frailty

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,

For so we are inform'd, with new opinions,

Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too, 20

My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur
'em,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,

Out of our easiness and childish pity

To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,

Farewell all physic : and what follows then ?

Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever, to do well : nor is there living,
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place, 40
Delacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it ! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be : you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower ;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you ;
You are always my good friend ; if your will pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, 60
 You are so merciful : I see your end ;
 'Tis my undoing : love and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition :
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, 70
 That's the plain truth : your painted gloss discovers,
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
 By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty
 To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
 I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst
 Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer 80
 Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest !
 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
 Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;
 Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom.

And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord : it stands agreed,
 I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
 You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;
 There to remain till the king's further pleasure 90
 Be known unto us : are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
 But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gar. What other
 Would you expect ? you are strangely troublesome.
 Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me ?
 Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gar. Receive him,
 And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
 I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
 By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
 Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100
 To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,
 When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
 'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
 The king will suffer but the little finger
 Of this man to be vex'd ?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain :
 How much more is his life in value with him !
 Would I were fairly out on't !

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations 110
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envye at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : now have at ye !

Enter KING, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to
heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgement comes to hear 120
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me, you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see
the proudest 130
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,

This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door ? and one as great as you are ? 140
Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom : there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :
Be friends, for shame, my lords ! My Lord of Canter-
bury, 160

I have a suit which you must not deny me ;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour : how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons : you shall have two noble partners with you ;
the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess

Dorset : will these please you ? 170

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart

And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven

Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true
heart :

The common voice, I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus, " Do my Lord of Canter-
bury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."

Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long

To have this young one made a Christian. 180

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The palace yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals : do
you take the court for Paris-garden ? ye rude slaves,
leave your gaping.

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye
rogue ! is this a place to roar in ? Fetch me a dozen
crab-tree staves, and strong ones : these are but
switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads : you must
be seeing christenings ? do you look for ale and cakes
here, you rude rascals ? 10

Man. Pray, sir, be patient : 'tis as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep

On May-day morning ; which will never be :
We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd ?

Man. Alas, I know not ; how gets the tide in ?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir. 20

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me : but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again ;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her !

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter ?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master
puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do ?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by
the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ? 31

Man. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he
should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience,
twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose ; all that
stand about him are under the line, they need no
other penance ; that fire-drake did I hit three times
on the head, and three times was his nose discharged
against me ; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to
blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit
near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer
fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the
state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman ;
who cried out " Clubs ! " when I might see from far
some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which
were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered.
They fell on ; I made good my place : at length they

came to the broom-staff to me ; I defied 'em still : when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work : the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. 51

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-house, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here ! They grow still too ; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves ? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows : 62

There's a trim rabble let in : are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour, We are but men ; and what so many may do, Not being torn a-pieces, we have done : An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all 70 By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads Clap round fines for neglect : ye are lazy knaves ; And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark ! the trumpets sound ; They're come already from the christening :

Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache. 80

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail ;
I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, LORD MAYOR, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts ; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a Lady : then follows the MARCHIONESS DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and GARTER speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send
prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and
mighty princess of England, Elizabeth !

Flourish. Enter KING and Guard.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the
good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray :
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye !

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop :
What is her name ?

Cran.

Elizabeth.

Stand up, lord.

[*The King kisses the child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee ! 10
I into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran.

Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal :
I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran.

Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her !—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be— 20
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul should be : all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be loved and fear'd : her own shall bless her ;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, 31
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with
her :

In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, 40
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd : peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, 50
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him : our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin, 60
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing :
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding ; 70

I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords :
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house ; for all shall stay :
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

KING HENRY VIII

EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here : some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frightened with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say 'tis naught : others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry " That's witty ! "
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we show'd 'em : if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

10

SOURCE

THE main source of "Henry VIII," as in the case of Shakespeare's other English historical plays, is Holinshed's "Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland, 1586." A subsidiary source, used for the Cranmer episode in Act V, is Foxe's "Acts and Monuments."

NOTES

Abbreviations used :

<i>N.E.D.</i>	New English Dictionary.
<i>Holinshead</i>	Holinshead's Chronicles.
<i>obs.</i>	obsolete.

Prologue

Spedding and Boyle both consider this is Fletcher's work ; and Dr. Johnson " suspects " it is not Shakespcare's.

1. 3. *Working* : moving, affecting to the emotions.
1. 8. In the hope they may be able to believe in the truth of the events dramatised in the play.
1. 10. *Only a show or two* : a reasonable amount of spectacle. Actually, such spectators got unusual value for their money, as the play is particularly full of " shows " ; *i.e.* especially I. iv. ; II. iv. ; IV. 1. ; IV. 11. (the vision) ; V. v.
1. 11. *Pass* : be accepted.
1. 12. *Shilling* : Prices of admission varied during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1609, according to Dekker (" Gul's Hornbook "), " At a new play you take up a twelve-penny room next the stage " ; *i.e.* in the lowest gallery, near to the stage.
1. 13. *Two short hours* : cf. " Romeo and Juliet," Prol., " two hours' traffic of the stage " ; also many other references. No speeding-up of the speech and movement of modern actors, however, manages to rush a typical Elizabethan play through in two hours, even when every minute wasted on scene-shifts has been deducted. It is a reasonable conjecture, having regard to the *full context* of this and other passages, that the " two hours " was a bait for the groundlings rather than

a statement of the time actually taken for the performance.

1. 15. *Noise of targets* : noisy hand-to-hand fighting. *Targets*, small round shields.
1. 16. *Long motley coat* : the long parti-coloured coat which was the distinctive dress of the professional fool, and was also often worn by the "natural" fool. For an illustration see title-page of "The History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke" (1609), reprod. "Shakespeare's England," II. 263.
Guarded : trimmed, faced.
1. 17. *Deceived* : disappointed.
11. 18-22. If we should put our choice and authentic story on a level with the mere spectacle of buffoonery and fighting, we should not only forfeit our own claim to intelligence and to our belief that our play is a representation of actual fact, but should also lose the support of all the judicious members of our audience.
1. 23. *For goodness' sake* : out of your good-nature.
1. 24. The most cultivated and best-disposed of all the London audiences.
1. 28. *Sweat* : labours, toil. Cf. Fletcher, with whom the word is frequent : "The False One," II. i. 92, "The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour."

Act I

Scene 1

Norfolk, Buckingham, and Abergavenny discuss the meeting of Henry VIII and Francis I of France at the Field of Cloth of Gold ; also the character of Wolsey, and his power. At the end of the scene Buckingham and Abergavenny are arrested, and taken to the Tower. Actual date, 16 April 1521.

This scene is generally attributed to Shakespeare.

(Stage Direction) *Norfolk* : Thomas Howard, second Duke, son of the "Jockey of Norfolk" of "Richard III" ; victor of Flodden ; d. 1524.

Buckingham : Edward Stafford (1478-1521), third Duke of Buckingham, descended from Thomas of Woodstock, son of Edward III, and therefore a possible claimant to the throne.

Abergavenny : George Neville, m. Buckingham's youngest daughter, Mary ; d. 1535 ; third Baron of Bergavenny. Though involved in his father-in-law's troubles, and imprisoned, he was pardoned and set free in 1522. ¶

1. 1. *Done* : farcd.
1. 2. *Saw* : met. Cf. "Cymbeline," I. 1. 124, "When shall we see again?"
11. 3-4. And have never ceased to wonder at what I saw there.
1. 4. *Untimely ague* : a most inopportune bout of fever.
1. 5. *A prisoner in my chamber* : Buckingham was in attendance on Henry at the Field of Cloth of Gold and was not confined to his chamber "all the whole time," q.v. *Holinshed* : but Norfolk (cf. l. 8) actually remained in England.
1. 6. *Suns of glory* : At their first meeting Henry wore cloth of silver of damask, ribbed with cloth of gold : Francis wore cloth of silver and cloth of gold, with a coif of damask gold set with diamonds.
1. 7. *Andren* : The valley of Andren lay between Ardres (=Arde), belonging to the French, and Guisnes (=Guynes), held by the English, both towns in the Pas de Calais.
11. 11-12. If they had grown together as one, what four monarchs could have outweighed them? Cf. *M.N.D.* II. 1. 152, "So we grew together, Like to a double cherry, seeming parted."
11. 16-18. Each day taught the next to outdo it in pageantry, until the last united in itself all the wonderful displays that had gone before.
1. 19. *All clinquant* : glittering with gold : from Fr. verb *cliquer*, to tinkle, to clink. Used here of the glitter and tinkle of the tilting armour. Cf. "1 Henry IV," iv. i. 97, "All furnished, all in arms," for *all* used adverbially.

Like heathen gods : wooden images covered with leaf gold. Cf. fifteenth-century usage, or *clinquant*, "gold in thin plates, leaf gold."

1. 20. *They* : the English.
1. 23. *As cherubins* : cf. Exodus xxxvii. 7, "And he made two cherubims of gold." *Cherubin* is the early English

form, meaning a cherub : gradually ousted by *cherub*, used in sixteenth-century Bible translations.

The madams : the ladies who were present.

- l. 25. *The pride* : their magnificent garments : abstract used for concrete. Cf. Sonnet xcix. 3, "The purple *pride*, Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells."
- l. 26. *As a painting* : The labour of wearing such a weight of finery made their cheeks glow with colour. For the Elizabethan lady's use of make-up, cf. "Hamlet," V. i. 111, "Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come."

This masque : "After dinner the ladies dressed themselves to dance : the King the more to glad the Queen and the said ladies, departed secretly and put himself with 29 persons more in masquers' apparel . . . in which masquery the King was himself, apparelled all in long garments of estate all pale rich cloth of gold . . . on their faces visors, and all the beards were fine wire of Duckett gold . . . and so passed through the street of Ardres, all these noble revellers came into the French court, and put themselves in presence of the French Queen and ladies. . . . These revellers took ladies and danced. . . . Then at the instance of the French Queen . . . These maskers and revellers them disvisored, shewing them what persons they were. Then spices, fruits, jellies and banquet viands were brought. That done and ended the King took leave of the French Queen" (Hall's "Chronicle," p. 615). See also *ibid.* p. 619 for another detailed description.

- ll. 30-31. *Him in eye . . . praise* : whichever King chanced to appear was, for that moment, the one most highly praised.
- l. 32. *Discerner* : one who beholds.
- l. 33. *Censure* : opinion.
- ll. 34-35. Jousts and challenges were the principal entertainments. See Hall, for detailed descriptions.
- ll. 36-38. Even the fabulous exploits of Bevis of Southampton—celebrated in one of the Middle English metrical romances—seemed credible, in the light of the marvels accomplished by the Kings.
- l. 38. *You go far* : you must be exaggerating.

- l. 39. *Belong to worship* : as I am a man of rank and honour.
- l. 40. *Tract* : discussion (*obs.* and rare, except as literary or *written* discussion) ; course or continuity of a narrative. Cf. Sidney, "Apology for Poetrie," "The whole tract of a comedy should be full of delight."
- ll. 41-42. However skilful the narrator was, would lose some of the vividness of the actual event.
- l. 42. *All was royal* : From here to l. 47 . . . *sport together* was Buckingham's speech in F. If given to Buckingham it must be spoken ironically. The redistribution of the lines was first made by Theobald.
- l. 44. *The office* : the officials in charge. Cf. "Hamlet," III. i. 73, "the insolence of office."
- l. 48. *Certes* : surely : a monosyllable here, usually a dissyllable in Shakespeare.
That promises no element : whom one would not expect to have a part.
- l. 54. *Fierce* : warlike ; or perhaps proud (*obs.*) : *Onions* gives extravagant, excessive.
- l. 55. *Keech* : animal fat rolled up in a lump by the butcher. His enemies contemptuously described Wolsey as a butcher's son. Cf. *infra*, l. 120.
- l. 58. *Stuff* : "what a person is made of . . . capacity for achievement (*N.E.D.*)." Cf. *Julius Caesar*, "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."
- ll. 61-62. *Neither allied to eminent assistants* : either not related by blood to people eminent enough to assist him to rise, or not helped in his career by eminent colleagues.
- ll. 62-64. *Spider-like . . . way* : he owes his success entirely to himself and the force of his own merit.
- ll. 68-71. *His pride . . . in himself* : Cf. III. ii. 441, "By that sin fell the angels."
- l. 73. *Going out* : expedition.
- l. 74. *Privity* : participation in private knowledge. Actually Henry had empowered Wolsey to take entire charge of the arrangements.
- l. 75. *File* : list of those who were to attend.
- ll. 76-78. *For the most . . . upon* : mostly those whom he meant to put to great expense which would bring them but little honour in return.
- ll. 78-80. *And his own . . . papers* : by his own single

authority, and *without consent of the whole board of the Council*, he compels everyone whom he thus lists to prepare himself for attendance. The phrase italicised is from *Holinshed*, iii. 855. *He papers* : i.e. him whom he puts on the paper.

- l. 82. *Sicken'd* : impoverished.
- l. 84. Have ruined themselves by selling their estates to buy the gorgeous clothing they wore in France.
- ll. 85-87. *What did . . . issue ?* : see *Holinshed*, *ut supra*, III. 855, where Buckingham says "that he knew not for what cause so much money should be spent about the sight of a vain talk to be had, and *communication to be ministered of things of no importance.*"
- l. 88. *Not values* : is not worth.
- l. 90. *Hideous storm* : On June 18, 1521. See *Holinshed*, iii. 860, "was such an hideous storm of wind and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow between princes."
- l. 91. *Not consulting* : spontaneously, independently.
- l. 93. *Aboded* : foreshadowed.
- l. 94. *On't* : of it.
- l. 95. *Flaw'd* : broken.
Attach'd : seized.
- l. 96. *Holinshed*, iii. 872, "The 6th of March the French King commanded all Englishmen's goods being in Bourdeaux to be attached and put under arrest."
- l. 97. Hall, p. 634, "The [French] Ambassador was commanded to keep his house in silence."
- l. 98. A fine achievement to describe as a peace! Probably a pun on "tittle" and "picce."
- l. 99. *Superfluous* : exorbitant, excessive.
- l. 100. *Carried* : managed.
Like it : if you will allow me.
- l. 101. *The state* : the King.
- ll. 104-106. *That you read . . . together* : the Cardinal's ill-will towards you is matched by his power.
- ll. 107-108. His power is the instrument to further the ends of his hatred.
- l. 112. *Bosom up* : keep my advice secret.
- l. 114. (Stage Direction) *Purse* : Wolsey as Lord Chancellor has the Great Seal in its bag borne before him.

- l. 115. *Surveyor* : Buckingham's cousin, Charles Knyvet, grandson of the first Duke. The position of surveyor was an important one in every noble household.
- ll. 122-123. *A beggar's book . . . blood* : beggarly learning is more valued than high birth.
- l. 128. *Bores* : deceives, overreaches.
- ll. 135-136. *Be to yourself . . . friend* : be as cautious in your own cause as you would be in a friend's.
- l. 139. *Difference in no persons* : rank and position no longer mean anything.
- l. 151. *By your prescription* : according to your advice.
- l. 153. *Intelligence* : reports of spies.
- l. 157. *Vouch* : attestation.
- l. 158. *Shore* : prop, support.
- ll. 160-162. This repeats to Norfolk what Norfolk has already said at ll. 107-108, and is taken by some editors as a sign of dual authorship.
- l. 164. *Suggests* : incites. Generally in a bad sense in Shakespeare : Cf. "Richard II," I. i. 101, "Suggest his soon-believing adversaries."
- l. 169. *Articles o' the combination* : the clauses of the treaty.
- ll. 176-190. See *Holinshed*, iii. 856, "specially to see the Queen of England his aunt was the Emperor his intent . . . He doubted lest, if the King of England and the French King should grow into some great friendship and faithful bond of amity, it might turn him to displeasure. . . . And forasmuch as he knew the Lord Cardinal to be won with rewards, as a fish with a bait, he bestowed on him great gifts, and promised him much more, so that he would be his friend and help to bring his purpose to pass."
- l. 177. *Aunt* : His mother, Juana, and Katharine were sisters.
- l. 178. *Colour* : pretext.
- l. 179. *Visitation* : Charles landed at Dover on May 26, 1520, and left again on May 31st.
- ll. 186-187. Emperor, kings and subjects alike, they all paid or bribed in some way, whenever they wanted anything from a minister or an official.
- l. 192. Buckingham speaks with real knowledge of Henry's character. His insistence on his "honour,"

and on what may "distain" it, are noticeable throughout his whole correspondence, from the earliest days to the end of the reign.

- l. 195. *Something mistaken* : somewhat misjudged.
- l. 197. (Stage Direction) *Brandon* : the officer who actually arrested Buckingham was Sir Henry Marney, captain of the guard.
- ll. 199-200. In all legal proceedings the full style and titles of the person concerned are rehearsed.
- l. 204. *Practice* : plots, treachery.
- ll. 204-206. *I am sorry . . . present* : I am sorry to be a witness of this unhappy affair which thus deprives you of liberty.
- l. 211. *Abergavenny* : All the folios spell it phonetically, Aburgany.
- l. 217. *Montacute* : Lord Montague, eldest son of the Countess of Salisbury, the daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV. He escaped, this time, but was executed in 1538 on the charge of high treason.
- ll. 218-219 and 221. See *Holinshed*, iii. p. 863, "There was also attached the foresaid Chartreux monk, master John de la Car alias de la Court, the Duke's confessor, and Sir Gilbert Perke, priest, the Duke's Chancellor." Actually his chancellor was one Robert Gilbert, clerk.
- l. 222. *My surveyor is false* : It is more probable that Gilbert was the real villain.
- l. 223. *Spann'd* : measured, its length determined.
- ll. 224-226. Syntactically this passage remains difficult, however one interprets. I believe the meaning is, "I am now only the shadow of my former self. The figure of poor Buckingham is even at this moment obscured by cloud. My former glory is eclipsed." *By darkening* must mean *through* or *by the darkening of*. To get the full and dramatic sense of the words, they must be taken as depending on and amplifying "my life is spann'd already."

Scene II

Katharine intercedes for the overtaxed clothiers, and pleads for Buckingham. The King examines Buckingham's Surveyor.

Spedding gives this scene to Shakespeare ; Boyle to Massinger.

(Stage Direction) *Lovell* : Sir Thomas. *d.* 1524. Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had been one of Henry VII's most faithful adherents. and fought at the battle of Bosworth.

1. 2. *P the level* : full in the aim.

(Stage Direction) Notice the proper ceremony with which the Queen is ushered into the presence. This correctness is very unusual in Shakespeare's treatment of royal personages, and is carefully observed throughout this play.

Duke of Suffolk : Charles Brandon, the King's brother-in-law, husband of Mary Tudor, formerly Queen of France.

State : chair of state or estate.

1. 12. *Moiety* : half.

1. 19. *True condition* : loyal dispositions.

1. 20. *Commissions* : see *Holinshed*, iii. 891, "By the Cardinal there was devised strange commissions and sent in the end of March [1525] into every shire . . . that the sixth part of every man's substance should be paid in money or plate to the King without delay for the furniture of his war" (see *infra*. ll. 56-60).

1. 24. *Putter on* : instigator.

1. 32. *The many to them 'longing* : the numbers of workmen dependent upon them for employment.

Put off : dismissed.

1. 33. *Spinsters* : spinners.

Carders : those who prepare wool by combing, parting, and straightening.

Fullers : those who cleanse and thicken the cloth.

1. 34. *Unfit for other life* : not trained to earn a living by any other trade.

1. 36. *Daring . . . teeth* : recklessly facing the perils of rebellion.

1. 37. *Danger serves among them* : Danger serves in their ranks. Cf. *Holinshed*, iii. 891, for the rebels' answer to Norfolk, "Poverty was their captain."

- ll. 42-43. *Front but . . . me* : I am but the first amongst those (*i.e.* the Council and the judges, see *infra*. ll. 70-71) who keep step with me (*i.e.* are equally responsible for framing this measure).

1. 50. *The back . . . load* : these exactions are beyond human endurance.

- l. 52. *Exclamation* : reproach.
- l. 59. *Pretence* : pretext.
- l. 61. *Tongues . . . out* : subjects' tongues repudiate their duties.
- ll. 64-65. *This tractable . . . will* : what was once your subjects' readily given obedience is now but a powerless slave, dominated by the resentment that everyone feels.
- l. 67. *Primer* : more urgent.
- l. 70. *Voice* : vote.
- l. 71. *The judges* : see *Holinshed*, iii. 891, "The Cardinal excused himself, and said . . . the King's Council and namely the judges said that he might lawfully demand any sum by commission."
- l. 74. *Doing* : actions.
- l. 75. *Place* : office. Cf. Bacon's essay, "Of Great Place."
- Brake* : thicket.
- l. 78. *To cope* : of encountering.
- l. 80. *New-trimm'd* : i.e. newly caulked, and therefore safe and seaworthy.
- ll. 81-85. *What we oft . . . act* : Our best actions, by envious, or, in fact, weakly incapable critics are often either attributed to others, or else disapproved ; and our worst, as often, by their very lack of fineness, appeal to the mob, and are lauded to the skies.
- l. 90. *Example* : precedent.
- l. 95. *A trembling contribution* : a contribution that makes men tremble.
- l. 96. *Lop* : smaller branches ; loppings, *contr.* timber.
- ll. 93-107. *To every county . . . comes* : see *Holinshed*, iii. 892, "The King indeed was much offended that his commons were thus entreated, and thought it touched his honour that his Council should attempt such a doubtful matter, in his name. . . . Therefore he . . . caused letters to be sent into all shires, that the matter should be no further talked of ; and he pardoned all them that had denied the demand, openly or secretly. The Cardinal, to deliver himself of the evil will of the commons . . . caused it to be bruited abroad that through his intercession the King had pardoned and released all things."

1. 105. *Hardly conceive of me* : have a bad opinion of me.
1. 110. *Is run in* : has incurred.
1. 112. *To nature . . . bound* : none more indebted to Nature for his graces of mind and person.
1. 114. *Out of himself* : beyond his own mind.
- ll. 115-118. Cf. "For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ; Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds" (Sonnet xciv.) ; or, *corruptio optimi pessima*.
1. 118. *Cóplete* : accent on first syllable, as usual in Shakespeare.
1. 120. *With ravish'd listening* : giving rapt attention.
1. 122. *Monstrous* : pertaining to a monster.
Habits : dress. Another way of saying what has already been expressed in ll. 115-118.
1. 125. *In trust* : trusted.
- ll. 132-138. See *Holinshed*. iii. 862. "This Knevet . . . disclosed all the Duke's life. And first he uttered that the Duke was accustomed, by way of talk, to say how he meant so to use the matter, that he would attain to the crown if King Henry chanced to die without issue : and that he had talk and conference of that matter on a time with George Neville, Lord of Abergavenny . . . and also that he threatened to punish the Cardinal for his manifold misdoings, being without cause his mortal enemy."
1. 134. *Carry it so* : so manage as.
- ll. 140-142. *Not friended . . . your friends* : I have followed the punctuation of the Folio, though most editors amend to "Not friended by his wish, to your high person." It seems to me an instance of what Mr. Percy Simpson calls "the emphasising semi-colon," so placed to emphasise *person* and to link it therefore with *friends*, emphasised by the full stop ; so that a second coupling (not verbally obvious, as it would have been if Wolsey had said "you and yours") balances the obvious "wish and will" ; and so that, by emphasising "person" as the key word rhythmically, it is made to relate equally to "wish" and "will." I take the meaning of the sentence to be : "He has long wished for your death, and will deliberately put those wishes into execution, and will destroy your friends as well."
1. 145. *Fail* : failure, either of issue, or by death.

1. 152. *The Rose* : the Red Rose in the parish of St. Lawrence Poultney was one of Buckingham's manors.
1. 167. *Demure* : solemn.
11. 172-173. *Lost your office* : . . . *tenants* : some of the Duke's Kentish tenants had complained of Knyvet "for such bribing as he had used there amongst them. Whereupon the Duke took such displeasure against him that he deprived him of his office." *Holinshed*. iii. 856.
1. 174. *Spleen* : spite.
11. 178-186. See *Holinshed*. iii. 864, "Then said Charles Knevet; the monk may be deceived through the devil's illusion : and that it was evil to meddle with such matters. Well, said the Duke, it cannot hurt me. . . . At the same time the Duke told the said Charles that if the King had miscarried now in his last sickness, he would have chopped off the heads of the Cardinal, of Sir Thomas Lovell, Knight, and of others."
1. 186. *Rank* : foul. Cf. "Hamlet," III. iii. 36, "Oh, my offence is rank ! It smells to heaven." It is the word that Henry himself frequently used in his letters when referring to traitors.
11. 193-199. Again taken almost literally from *Holinshed*, iii. 864 : as also 11. 203-209.
1. 205. *Mounting* : lifting up.
1. 209. *Period* : aim, end.
1. 210. *Attach'd* : arrested.
1. 211. *Present* : immediate.

Scene III

Topical chat about French fashions, between the usual "walking gentlemen" who generally monopolise such scenes. Its only contribution to the plot is to announce Wolsey's banquet, which follows in Sc. iv.

Spedding and Boyle both attribute this scene to Fletcher.
(Stage Direction) *Lord Chamberlain* : the Earl of Worcester, *d.* 1526.

Lord Sands : or Sandys, was in 1521 still only Sir William, being created a baron in 1523.

1. 2. *Mysteries* : fantastic costumes.
1. 7. *A fit . . . face* : a grimace. This is probably best

explained by a reference from Massinger's "Parliament of Love," I. i., "If you have travelled Italy . . . and can set your face in some strange and ne'er-seen posture . . ."

Shrewd: Either remarkable ones or ugly ones as often in Shakespeare. Probably the general meaning is they stick their noses in the air so arrogantly.

- ll. 9-10. *Their very . . . so*: The ambiguity of meaning is due to the fact that "'em" may refer either to "a fit or two o' the face" (l. 7) or "noses" (l. 9), either of which the travelled gallants could be said to "hold." The general sense is, "They manage to assume such knowing expressions that you would say their very noses had been state advisers to all the ancient kings of France."
- ll. 11-13. In walking they now affect a limp, so that a stranger would think they were suffering from spavin or springhalt. Both these are diseases of the horse which make the animal walk lame. Springhalt = stringhalt, which makes the horse give a kind of back kick when in action.
- l. 17. *New proclamation*: The "diverse young gentlemen" of the 1520 expedition were banished from court in 1520, and it is to this, presumably, that the proclamation is meant to refer.
- l. 26. *Honourable points*: the punctilio of courtly behaviour. (Ironical.)
- l. 27. *Fights and fireworks*: the joustings and firework displays of the Field of Cloth of Gold.
- l. 28. *Abusing . . . wisdom*: The whole clause is an object to leave, l. 24.
- l. 30. *Tennis*: always particularly associated with the French, though Henry and his friends were devoted to the game.
- Tall stockings*: the long hose affected particularly by the best-dressed gallants in the fifteen-nineties.
- l. 31. *Short blister'd breeches*: One would expect such a reference to be topical rather than historical, and it is, indeed, only to Elizabethan or Jacobean fashions in breeches that this description would apply. It was, however, not strictly topical satire, if the play belongs to 1613, as the popularity of ridiculously short trunk-

- hose belongs to the fifteen-eighties and the early fifteen-nineties. A Jacobean writer of 1613 would probably feel that the old-fashioned style of his youth was good enough. Actually therefore, it is probably an attempt at "historical" reference. *Blistered*: With puffs of coloured cloth sticking out through the slashes.
1. 32. *Understand*: pun. Cf. "Twelfth Night," III. i. 89, "My legs do better *understand* me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs."
 1. 33. *Or pack . . . playfellows*: go back to France where they learnt these tricks.
 1. 34. *Cum privilegio*: with privilege, used especially as an imprint on a book printed by the King's permission.
 1. 35. *Lag end*: the remains, latter end.
Lewdness: these vicious courses.
 1. 44. *Plain-song*: continuing the musical image, Sands hopes his "plain-song" (*i.e.* simple melody, without ornament or variation) or simple wooing will be listened to once again.
 1. 46. *Current*: not out of date, good.
 1. 47. *Colt's tooth*: youthful desires, inclination to wantonness.
 1. 48. *While I have a stump*: so long as I have any teeth left.
 1. 57. *Black mouth*: would speak slanderously.
 1. 58. *He . . . wherewithal*: He may well be liberal! He has the means to be!
 1. 60. *Of his way*: in such a position.
 1. 62. *Barge*: Many noblemen kept their own barges in Tudor times, as everyone used the Thames for speedy transport.
 1. 65. *Sir Henry Guildford*: Henry's Master of the Horse.
 1. 66. *Comptrollers*: masters of the ceremonies for the evening.

~~Scene~~ IV

One of the chief "shows," as promised in the Prologue, and a good example of early Tudor masquing. Its only contribution to the plot is the introducing of Anne Boleyn to Henry.

Spedding gives this scene to Fletcher; Boyle to Massinger, except for ll. 19-60, which he also gives to Fletcher.

(Stage Direction) *Hautboys* : = oboes = high-pitched wood-wind musical instruments.

A state, a chair of estate raised on a dais, and set under a canopy, and with a wall-hanging behind it, on which are blazoned the owner's arms.

- l. 4. *Bevy* : the correct term for a company of ladies, larks, rocs, and quails !
- l. 11. *Place* : arrange.
- l. 18. *It* : *i.e.* the trick of talking wildly.
- ll. 24-25. *For my . . . alone* : *Cure* = curacy or care of souls. "Trust me to look after my own flock !" is the sense.
- l. 32. *Beholding* : = beholden, indebted.
Cheer, entertain.
- l. 36. *Gamester* : Anne uses the word to mean "a merry fellow," but Sands takes it up as "a gambler."
- l. 40. *Chambers* : small cannon used for salutes. This was the stage effect which set fire to the thatch of the roof of the theatre tiring-house on June 29, 1613, and burnt the Globe to the ground.
- ll. 44-47. *A noble . . . princes* : one of the most usual early Masque devices.
- l. 52. *Broken* : interrupted.
- (Stage Direction) *They choose* : Another of the usual masque conventions. The masquers choose partners from among the guests for a final dance.
- l. 70. *More worthy this place* : A nobleman was entitled to his chair of estate except when the King entered his house.
- l. 77. *Ye have found him* : In the actual masque, described by *Holinshed* iii. 922, Wolsey chose Sir Edward Neville by mistake, whereupon the King unmasked both himself and Neville.
- l. 80. *Unhappily* : ? unfavourably (*obs.*) : only example given by *N.E.D.*
- l. 84. *Viscount Rochford* : Chronology is thrown to the winds. Anne's father became Viscount Rochford in 1525, and the banquet took place in or after 1526 ; but in the play both these events are made to antedate the execution of Buckingham in 1521.
One of her highness' women : one of the Queen's waiting-gentlewomen.
- ll. 86-87. *To take . . . you* : to lead you out to dance

without afterwards saluting you in the usual manner with a kiss.

1. 97. *A measure* : Actually a grave, stately dance, but often used for "a dance."
1. 99. *Who's best in favour* : who is the fairest lady present?
Knock it : sound, strike up.

Act II

Scene I

Two more walking gentlemen discuss the verdict against Buckingham, and the Cardinal's responsibility for his ruin. Buckingham passes by on his way to execution, and speaks his farewells to life nobly. The rumour of an intended separation between Henry and Katharine is mentioned.

Spedding gives this scene to Fletcher : Boyle gives ll. 1-53 and ll. 136-end to Massinger, and ll. 53-136 to Fletcher.

1. 2. *Hall* : Westminster Hall, where the trial had taken place.
1. 11. *In a little* : in a few words.
1. 14. *Sharp* : acute.
1. 15. *King's attorney* : John Fitz-James, who became Lord Chief Justice in 1526.
1. 20. *Sir Gilbert Peck* : *Sir* as applied to priests = the academic *dominus*.
- ll. 31-34. See *Holinshed*, iii. 865, "The Duke was brought to the bar, sore chafing, and sweat marvellously."
1. 35. *Fell . . . again* : recovered his self-command.
1. 40. *The cardinal . . . this* : the Cardinal is responsible.
End, final cause.
- ll. 41-44. *Kildare's attainder . . . father* : see *Holinshed*, iii. 855, "At length there was occasion offered him (*i.e.* Wolsey) to compass his purpose, (*i.e.* Buckingham's downfall) by occasion of the Earl of Kildare his coming out of Ireland . . . and for that he was a suitor to a widow contrary to the Cardinal's mind, he accused him to the King of that he had not borne himself uprightly in his office in Ireland where he was the King's lieutenant. . . . He was committed to prison, and then by the Cardinal's good preferment the Earl of Surrey was sent into Ireland as the King's deputy . . . there to

remain rather as an exile than as lieutenant to the King, even at the Cardinal's pleasure, as he himself well perceived." Surrey was Buckingham's son-in-law. Cf. *infra*, III. ii. 260-262.

1. 44. *Trick of state* : stroke of policy.
1. 45. *Envious* : malicio^{us}.
1. 48. *Find employment* : i.e. find employment for.
1. 50. *Perniciously* : with deadly hatred.
1. 53. *Mirror of all courtesy* : see *Holinshed*, iii. 870, "He is termed in the books of the law in the said thirteenth year of Henry VIII (where his arraignment is liberally set down) to be the flower and mirror of all courtesy."
- (Stage Direction) *Enter Buckingham* : see *Holinshed*, iii. 865, "Thus they landed at the Temple, where received him Sir Nicholas Vaux and Sir William Sands, baronets, and led him through the city, who desired ever the people to pray for him, of whom some wept and lamented."
1. 57. *Lose me* : forget me.
1. 60. *Sink me* : ruin me eternally, a favourite expression with Fletcher.
1. 61. *Faithful* : loyal to the King.
1. 63. *Upon the premises* : in the circumstances, on the evidence given.
1. 64. *More* : more sincere.
1. 66. *Look* : look to it.
1. 67. *Evils* : *N.E.D.* comments, "meaning uncertain." Only other instance cited is from "Measure for Measure," II. ii. 172. Probably "building evils" is simply a continuation of the idea started by "glorying in mischief" : i.e. a warning to Wolsey against building up the superstructure of his wrongfully attained greatness on the foundation of his destruction of the great nobles, of whom Buckingham is typical.
1. 74. The only bitterness and the only death is in the loss of my good friends.
1. 76. And as the falling axe divorces for ever soul from body.
1. 85. *Envy* : hatred.
1. 91. *To tell* : to count, number.
1. 93. *Old time* : the fulness of time.

1. 103. *Bohun* : *Holinshed* is responsible for this mistake. See iii. 865, "When I went up to Westminster I was Duke of Buckingham, now I am but Edward Bohun, the most caitiff of the world." Stafford was his family name, but the hereditary office of Lord High Constable descended to him through Eleanor Bohun who married Thomas of Woodstock his ancestor.
1. 105. *Seal it* : it = truth, seal = bear witness to, confirm. Cf. "Sir Thomas More," on More's death, "A very learned worthy gentleman Seals error with his blood."
- ll. 107-115. All this comes directly from *Holinshed*, iii. 869-70.
1. 124. *End* : purpose.
1. 127. *Loose* : unrestrained.
1. 129. *Rub* : check, metaphor from bowls : a favourite image with Shakespeare.
1. 146. *I am confident* : I know I can rely on your discretion.
1. 148. *Buzzing* : rumour, gossip.
1. 149. *It held not* : it was short-lived.
- ll. 150-153. See *Holinshed*, iii. 897.
1. 152. *Allay* : restrain, silence.
1. 155. *Held* : it is believed.
1. 158. *Possess'd him . . . scruple* : filled his mind with doubt.
1. 160. *Campeius* : or *Campeggio*, Bishop of Salisbury. Appointed by Clement VII in June 1528 to settle the divorce question in England. He arrived early in October.
1. 161. *'Tis the cardinal* : Wolsey is responsible—a view very generally held.
- ll. 162-164. See *Holinshed*, iii. 906, "The Cardinal verily was put in most blame for this scruple now cast into the King's conscience, for the hate he bare to the Emperor, because he would not grant to him the Archbishopric of Toledo, for the which he was a suitor."
1. 168. *Either* "we are indiscreet to discuss such matters here" ; or "this place is too public for such talk" ; according to whether *here* is taken with *open* or *to argue*.
1. 169. *Think*, continue our deliberations.

Scene II

Wolsey's power, and his influence over the King, are again discussed. Henry arranges with Wolsey and Campeius for the conduct of the divorce proceedings.

Spedding and Boyle both give this scene to Fletcher ; but it is more generally attributed to Shakespeare nowadays.

ll. 1-9. These lines can easily be treated as verse.

l. 3. *Furnished* : equipped with harness and trappings.

ll. 5-6. *By commission* . . . *power* : with a warrant and using superior force.

l. 14. *Private* : alone.

l. 20. *Blind*, blindness, the attribute of Fortune, is here transferred to Wolsey as her eldest or specially privileged son.

l. 21. *Turns* : continues the Fortune allusion, by thus implying the wheel, *i.e.* arranges everything as he chooses.

l. 31. Henry and Katharine were formally betrothed in 1503, but were not actually married till June 1509, after his accession.

ll. 40-41. *See this* . . . *sister* : realise that the chief object is to enable the King to marry Renée, the French King's sister, the Duchess of Alençon.

ll. 46-49. Or else the all-powerful Wolsey will transform all us nobles into servitors : all men's honours are as clay in his hands, for him to fashion for each whatsoever he will ; *pitch* presumably means *height*, as generally in Shakespeare.

l. 51. *Made* : hold my position.

l. 55. *To* . . . *pope* : To Wolsey himself the real source of his power was the Papacy, from which he derived his position of legate *in perpetuo*.

(Stage Direction) *Draws the curtain* : draws back the curtain of the inner stage, and so discovers himself as in his study.

l. 68. *Malice ne'er meant* : when no evil was intended.

l. 69. *Estate* : state.

(Stage Direction) *With a commission* : *i.e.* the document from the Pope authorising Wolsey and Campeius to act as judges in the matter of the divorce.

- ll. 77-78. See that my welcome shall not be found to be mere words.
- l. 82. I would not be thus eaten-up with pride, even to possess his position.
- l. 84. *Have-at-him* : blow, stroke, from the words of warning at the beginning of a fight : cf. the fencer's *En garde!*
- l. 89. *Spaniard* : the Spanish nation.
- l. 91. *Clerks* : clergy.
- l. 93. *Have . . . voices* : can express their uncoerced opinion.
- l. 95. This good man speaks for the priesthood of the universal church.
- l. 99. *Conclave* : the College of Cardinals.
- l. 106. *Unpartial* : impartial.
- l. 107. *Equal* : impartial in justice.
- l. 108. *Gardiner* : Stephen, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor under Mary. He had already been sent to Rome, and had managed to secure the commission for Campeius and Wolsey to try the case in England. He became one of Henry's secretaries in 1529. He had originally been in Wolsey's service.
- l. 111. *Less place* : lower rank.
- ll. 113-114. See *Holinshed*, iii. 907, "And because the King meant nothing but uprightly therein, and knew well that the Queen was somewhat wedded to her own opinion, and wished that she should do nothing without counsel, he bade her choose the best clerks of his realm to be of her counsel, and licensed them to do the best on her part that they could, according to the truth."
- l. 121. *Pace* : Richard, originally one of Henry's secretaries, had been continually employed on foreign embassies and missions between 1509 and 1525. As he did not die till 1536 Wolsey cannot be held responsible for his death, but there is no doubt that parts of the rumour mentioned by Campeius were true enough, and that Wolsey was mainly responsible for keeping him on service abroad, as also for his imprisonment in the Tower in 1527, which eventually brought on insanity. (See A. F. Pollard, "Henry VIII," p. 114 and note.)
- l. 126. *Stick* : hesitate.

1. 128. *Kept . . . still* : kept him continually employed on foreign embassies.
1. 132. *That good fellow* : Gardiner.
1. 133. *Follows my appointment* : obeys my instructions.
1. 134. *So near* : i.e. to the King.
1. 135. *Grip'd* : controll'd by. Cf. A. F. Pollard's statement, that Wolsey, in the matter of Pace, "complained that foreign powers were trusting to another influence than his over the king." It might also be an image from the griping of a colic. Cf. *Holunshed*, iii. 871-2.
1. 136. *Deliver* : relate.
With modesty : with all respect.
1. 138. *Such . . . learning* : for the reception of such learned men.
1. 140. *Furnish'd* : prepared.

Scene III

Anne Boleyn and an Old Lady discuss the divorce, and the Lord Chamberlain announces to Anne that the King has created her Marchioness of Pembroke.

Spedding gives this scene to Shakespeare, Boyle to Massinger. Generally accepted as Shakespeare's.

1. 6. *So many courses of the sun* : so many years.
1. 9. *Process* : continued course. Cf. Sonnet civ, "In process of the seasons."
1. 10. *To . . . avaunt* : to give her the dismissal.
1. 13. *Temporal* : something that must pass away.
1. 14. *That quarrel, fortune* : The Folio reads "that quarell Fortune, do." Whatever emendation is adopted the meaning remains doubtful. The simplest way is to take "quarrel" as meaning an arrow, or bolt from a cross-bow (cf. "Hamlet," III. i. 58, "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"), which severs soul and body. For divorce cf. "the long divorce of steel" (*supra*, II. i. 76). The idea certainly is that the pang caused by the loss of the position and power to which one has always been accustomed is almost as severe as death itself.
1. 15. *Sufferance* : pain.
Panging : agonising.
1. 17. *Stranger* : either a reference to Katharine's Spanish

birth ; or else to Henry's refusal to cohabit with her, making her a stranger to his bed.

- l. 20. *Range* : rank with.
- l. 21. *Perk'd* : *either*, perched up (cf. idea of l. 20, "rank ") or, finely dressed up (cf. "wear," l. 22).
- l. 22. *A golden sorrow* : a golden crown, that as often as not brings unhappiness to the wearer.
- l. 23. *Having* : possession.
Maidenhead : maidenhood.
- l. 26. *Spice* : touch of.
Hypocrisy : dissimulation.
- l. 27. You who possess so much womanly charm and beauty.
- l. 29. *Affected* : coveted.
- l. 31. *Saving your mincing* : with all respect to your affectation.
- ll. 31-33. *The capacity . . . stretch it* : your elastic conscience would find itself capable of receiving such gifts, if you try whether you can stretch it. *Cheveril* = kid leather.
- l. 36. *A three-pence bowed* : a bent threepenny bit. An anachronism : threepences were not coined in England till the end of the reign of Edward VI.
- l. 37. *Queen it* : play the part of queen.
- l. 40. *What were't worth* : what must I give.
- l. 42. *Not your demand* : it is not worth the asking.
- l. 51. *Commends . . . you* : conveys through me his appreciation of your merits.
- l. 53. *Marchioness of Pembroke* : The title was bestowed on her in September 1532.
- l. 57. *More . . . nothing* : all that I have to offer, yea, and more than that, is a mere nothing in return.
- ll. 57-58. *Nor my . . . hallow'd* : my prayers cannot be of such avail that it means anything to say that I will offer them for him.
- ll. 64-65. *I shall . . . you* : I shall not fail (when reporting this your answer) to confirm the high opinion the king already holds of you.
- ll. 68-69. *But . . . isle* : A prophecy of the birth of Elizabeth.
- l. 74. Could never hit the exact moment.
- l. 79. *Forty pence* : proverbial for a small wager.

1. 80. *Old* : ironical for two minutes ago.
1. 82. *Mud in Egypt* : wealth of Egypt, which is due to the fertility induced by the overflowing of the Nile and the deposit of mud left on the land.
1. 83. *You are pleasant* : you jest.
1. 87. *Moe* : more.
- ll. 87-88. *Honour's . . . foreskirt* : just as the train of a lady of honour, of the nobility, is longer than her skirt in front, so you shall find that this present gift is but the earnest of more to follow.
1. 89. *Bear a duchess* : bear the weighty honour of being a duchess : referring to ll. 38-39.
- ll. 92-93. *Would . . . jot* : may I perish if this news gives me any feeling of exultation.
1. 93. *Faints me* : makes my heart sink.
1. 96. *Deliver* : report.

Scene iv

Henry and Katharine appear before the Cardinals for the trial of their cause. Katharine makes a magnificent and moving appeal to her husband : and in another fine speech accuses Wolsey of being her enemy, and refuses to be judged by him. Saying she appeals to the Pope she leaves the court. Henry explains how his conscience was first troubled about his marriage : and Campeggio adjourns the court.

Spedding gives this scene to Shakespeare, Boyle to Mas-singer. Nowadays generally accepted as Shakespeare's.

(Stage Directions) *Black-Friars* : In the hall of the old monastery.

See *Holinshed*, iii. 907, "The place where the Cardinals should sit to hear the cause of matrimony betwixt the King and the Queen was ordained to be at the Black-Friars in London, where in the great hall was preparation made of seats, tables and other furniture. . . . The court was platted in tables and benches in manner of a consistory, one seat raised higher for the judges to sit in. Then, as it were in the midst of the said judges, aloft above them three degrees high, was a cloth of estate hanged, with a chair royal under the same, wherein sate the King ; and beside him, some

distance from him, sat the Queen : and under the judges' feet sat the scribes and other officers : the chief scribe was Dr. Stephens (*i.e.* Gardiner) and the caller of the court was one Cooke of Winchester." The whole scene, however, should be carefully compared with Holinshed, as Shakespear follows his original very closely.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets : presumably means a sennet played upon trumpets and cornets. A sennet was a more elaborate prelude than a flourish, and was habitually used on the stage for royal entrances.

Archbishop . . . St. Asaph : *i.e.* Warham ; Longland, the King's confessor ; West, Fisher, and Standish.

Two priests . . . cross : see Cavendish, "Life of Wolsey," "Then had he two great crosses of silver, whereof one was for his Archbishopric and the other for his legacy, borne always before him . . . by two of the most tallest and comeliest priests that he could get within all this realm."

Sergeant-at-arms : officer in immediate attendance on the person of the King.

Silver pillars : Dr. Johnson says "some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals."

Sword and mace : the Sword of State, borne before the Sovereign : and the mace, borne originally by the sergeants-at-arms to protect the King, now a mere symbol.

1. 17. *Indifferent* : impartial.
1. 26. *Subject . . . countenance* : obedient to your every look.
1. 32. *To him derived* : drawn upon him.
1. 37. *Many children* : only Mary Tudor survived, but there were also five other children who died before her birth.
- ll. 48-49. *One the wisest* : the wisest of all. Cf. *infra*, l. 153, "one the least word."
1. 58. *And . . . choice* : of your own choosing, *i.e.* Warham, West, Fisher, and Standish.
1. 62. *Longer you desire the court* : that you ask the Court to give you more time. Cf. *supra*, ll. 54-55.
- ll. 63-64. *To rectify . . . king* : to quiet the King's scruples.
1. 71. *Certain* : certainly.
1. 77. *Challenge* : The word is still used when a juryman is objected to and refused by the prisoner.

- l. 79. *Blown this coal* : fanned this dispute.
- ll. 81-82. *Abhor . . . refuse you* : see *Holinshed*, iii. 908, "Openly protested that she did utterly abhor, refuse and forsake such a judge."
- l. 86. *Stood to* : supported.
- l. 93. *Whole consistory of Rome* : the body of Cardinals presided over by the Pope, i.e. the Curia.
- l. 103. *Speak in* : speak concerning.
- ll. 108-109. *You sign . . . humility* : outwardly you make show of the meekness and humility which should proclaim your calling. Cf. *Holinshed*, iii. 917, "Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogancy of men exalted by fortune to dignity : for in his time he was the haughtiest man in all his proceedings alive ; having more respect to the honour of his person than he had to his spiritual profession, wherein should be showed all meekness, humility, and charity."
- l. 112. *Slightly* : easily.
- l. 113. *Powers* : either the powers Wolsey has acquired through his various offices, or, men of rank, those in whom power is lodged.
- l. 116. *Tender more* : care more for.
- l. 122. *Apt* : ready (*arch.*) or perhaps "inclined," or even "quick."
- l. 138. *Government* : behaviour.
- ll. 139-140. *And thy . . . else* : besides all thy other excellent and virtuous qualities.
- l. 143. *Carried* : borne.
- l. 155. *Touch* : injury, taint.
- l. 164. *Oft . . . oft* : repeated for emphasis.
- l. 165. *Passages* : approaches.
- l. 166. Thus far I describe the Cardinal as he is.
- l. 167. *Now, what mov'd me to 't* : Now, to deal with the cause that actually influenced me.
- l. 172. *Bishop of Bayonne* : *Holinshed's* error. Actually the Bishop of Tarbes.
- l. 174. *Duke of Orleans* : second son of the King of France.
- l. 178. *Advertise* : advise, give authoritative opinion.
- l. 181. *Sometimes* : formerly.
- Respite* : delay.
- ll. 192-193. *Or shortly . . . them* : or almost as soon as they came into this world.

- ll. 199-200. *Hulling . . . conscience*: tossed to and fro on the troubled sea of my conscience.
- l. 201. *Whereupon*: for the consideration whereof.
- l. 204. *And yet not well*: and which is not yet at ease.
- l. 208. *Reek*: sweat.
- l. 228. *Our mortal state to come* † the rest of our natural life.
- l. 229. *Primest*: most perfect.
- l. 230. *Paragon'd*: held up as unequalled.
- l. 235. *May*: can.
- l. 239. *Return*: Cranmer was absent.
- l. 241. *Set on*: set forth to the palace.

Act III

Scene 1

Campeius and Wolsey, in a private interview, do their utmost to persuade Katharine to trust Henry and let him have his way.

Spedding and Boyle both attribute this scene to Fletcher. (Stage Direction) *The Queen's apartments*: in the palace at Bridewell.

- l. 3. *Song*: Given by various critics to Fletcher. It is to be noticed that the idea of the song as a whole can be found in "The Captain" (III. 1.), by Beaumont and Fletcher.

" Music

Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul
To aged mountains, and made rugged beasts
Lay by their rages: and tall trees that knew
No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches
And hear, and wonder: and the sea, whose surges
Shook their white heads in Heaven, to be as mid-
night
Still, and attentive."

- l. 3. *Orpheus*: son of the Muse Calliope. He is here given the Elizabethan lute, instead of the classical lyre which properly belongs to him.
- l. 7. *As*: as if.
- l. 13. *Killing care*: care which kills. Cf. *infra*, III. ii. 355, "a killing frost."
- l. 17. *The presence*: the presence chamber, where a king or queen would give audience.

- l. 23. *Cucullus non facit monachum* : cf. "Twelfth Night," I. v. 62, a well-known Latin proverb.
- ll. 24-25. *Part of a housewife* : i.e. engaged in embroidery, one of the duties of a housewife. See Cavendish, "Life of Wolsey." "She came out of her privy chamber with a skein of white thread about her neck into the chamber of presence, where the Cardinals were giving of attendance upon her coming."
- I . . . happen* : I must learn all the duties of a housewife, in case the worst happens, and I am cast adrift in the world.
- l. 31. *Corner* : cf. "hole-and-corner" methods.
- l. 36. *Base opinion* : common gossip.
- l. 37. *I . . . even* : So confident am I in the uprightness and integrity of my life.
- ll. 37-39. *If . . . boldly* : If you have come to speak about this business of my marriage, out with what you have to say openly.
- ll. 40-41. O most serene queen, so great is the integrity of our mind towards you—
- ll. 43-44. I have not been so neglectful since I came to England that I do not know the language of my adopted country.
- l. 49. *Willing'st* : (rare) intentional.
- l. 58. *How . . . minded* : what is your attitude?
- l. 63. *Still bore* : did and always does bear.
- l. 65. *Was too far* : went too far.
- l. 72. *Wit* : judgment.
- l. 74. *Set* : sitting.
- l. 77. *For her . . . been* : For the sake of what I once was.
- l. 78. *Fit* : ? mortal crisis (rare) ; part or section of poem.
- ll. 82-87. *In England . . . subject?* : see Cavendish, p. 228, "any counsel or friendship that I can find in England are nothing to my purpose or profit. Think you, I pray you, my lords, will any Englishman counsellor be friendly unto me against the King's pleasure, they being his subjects?"
- l. 86. *Desperate* : reckless, mad.
- l. 88. *Weigh out* : outweigh.
- l. 97. *Part* : depart.

- l. 101. *Mistakes* : misunderstands, misjudges.
- l. 103. *Cardinal virtues* : the Queen plays upon their titles. The four cardinal virtues were justice, prudence, temperance, fortitude.
- l. 106. *Cordial* : a medicine that revives.
- l. 112. *This . . . distraction* & you are talking wildly, distractedly.
- l. 117. *Habits* : garments. If you are anything more than the mere semblance of priests.
- l. 120. *Old* : As the interview took place in 1529, Katharine must have been forty-four.
- l. 124. *Make* : vb. imperative.
- l. 125. *Speak myself* : proclaim myself, tell the truth about.
- l. 126. *A wife . . . one* : A favourite phrase with Fletcher.
- l. 131. *Superstitious* : adoring to the point of idolatry.
- l. 145. *Angels' faces* : probably an allusion to the old pun, attributed to St. Gregory the Great, *Non Angli sed Angeli*. It is a common Elizabethan reference.
- l. 161. *Grow . . . acquaintance* : estrange yourself completely from his love.
Carriage : behaviour, conduct.
- l. 176. *Us'd myself unmannerly* : behaved discourteously.

Scene II

*The scene is almost entirely concerned with the fall of Wolsey.
The only other item of plot-interest is the news of Henry's
marriage with Anne Boleyn.*

Spedding gives ll. 1-203 to Shakespeare ; Boyle to Massinger : ll. 203 to end they both attribute to Fletcher.

(Stage Direction) *Norfolk* : was really dead by now, and his son, Surrey, had succeeded him.

- l. 2. *Force* : enforce.
- ll. 3-4. *Omit . . . time* : let this opportunity slip.
- l. 8. *The duke* : of Buckingham.
- l. 9. *Him* : i.e. Wolsey, whom Surrey regards as the author of Buckingham's downfall.
- l. 13. *Out of himself* : except himself.

- l. 16. *Gives . . . us* : gives us an opportunity.
Fear : doubt.
- ll. 22-23. "He" may mean either Wolsey or the King.
If Wolsey, then the sense is "No, he is sunk too far in the King's displeasure to extricate himself." If the King, "No, the King is resolved not to be moved from his displeasure."
- l. 26. *His* : i.e. Wolsey's.
- ll. 30-36. See *Holinshed*, iii. p. 999, "The Cardinal required the Pope by letters and secret messengers, that in any wise he should defer the judgment of the divorce till he might frame the King's mind to his purpose."
- ll. 38-39. *Coasts and hedges* : works indirectly for his own end.
- ll. 44-45. *Now . . . conjunction!* : Now may all the joy I wish them follow upon their union !
- l. 46. The summonses sent out were dated April 28, 1533.
- l. 52. *Memorized* : made memorable. The syntax is doubtful, as *which* (l. 51) could refer either to *blessing* (i.e. Elizabeth) or *land*. Probably "England shall be made memorable by Elizabeth." Cf. V. v., the whole tenour of Cranmer's speech.
- l. 53. *Digest* : suffer or accept without protest.
- l. 57. Incorrect. Campeggio had his last audience on September 19, 1529, and finally left England on October 26.
- l. 58. *Unhandled* : not concluded.
- l. 59. *Posted* : proclaimed.
- ll. 64-67. . . . *Christendom* : knowing that Cranmer was sent to collect the opinions of individual European scholars, and that Fox and Stokesby were sent on a similar mission to the universities, the passage might be paraphrased : "Cranmer has returned with the opinions he was commissioned to gather ; and these, together with those of almost all the famous colleges of Christendom, have satisfied the King of the justice of his cause."
- l. 70. *Dowager* : see *Holinshed*, iii. 929, "It was also enacted the same time that Queen Katharine should no more be called Queen, but Princess dowager, as the widow of Prince Arthur."
- l. 78. *Presently* : immediately.

- ll. 80-81. *A heed . . . countenance* : he looked thoughtful.
- l. 85. *Duchess of Alençon* : History is again thrown to the wind. This may have been Wolsey's plan as early as 1526, but by January 1527 the Duchess had re-married, and this is 1533.
- l. 88. *There's . . . visage* : a pretty face is not enough to make her a proper match for the King.
- ll. 96-97. *This candle . . . it goes* : This cannot be permitted and it is I who must put a stop to it. "Snuff" here means "extinguish by trimming the wick."
- l. 99. *Spleeny* : fanatical, violent.
- l. 101. *Hard-ruled* : difficult to guide.
- l. 105. *Fret* : wear away.
- l. 106. *Master-cord* : cf. mainspring.
On's : of his.
- l. 120. *There . . . mind* : his mind is in turmoil.
- l. 123. *Unwittingly* : inadvertently.
- l. 124. *Inventory* : the dramatist here borrows a story told by Holinshed of Ruthal, Bishop of Durham.
Thus importing : thus making known.
- l. 125. *Several parcels* : various details, separate items.
- ll. 126-128. *Which . . . subject* : I find that his possessions are too excessive in value for a subject.
- l. 130. *Withal* : with.
- l. 134. *Below the moon* : mundane.
- l. 137. *You . . . stuff* : your mind is occupied with spiritual cares. Note how Henry ironically picks up *stuff* and *inventory* from ll. 124 and 126.
- l. 142. *Ill husband* : a bad manager of your affairs.
- l. 149. *Tendance* : attention.
- l. 154. *My father loved you* : Wolsey's first appointment was that of chaplain to Henry VII in 1507. He was sent as special envoy to the Emperor Maximilian in 1508.
- l. 155. *Crown* : complete.
- l. 159. *Pared* : made inroads on, reduced.
Haveings : possessions.
- l. 162. *Prime* : chief.
- l. 168. *Which* : can refer either to royal graces, or to *studied purposes*.
- l. 171. *Filed* : marched alongside of, kept step with.
- l. 176. *Allegiant* : loyal. No other use recorded in *N.E.D.*

- l. 181. *Illustrated* : described, made manifest.
- ll. 181-183. *The honour . . . punishment* : The honour of being a loyal subject is a sufficient reward in itself, as the not-being-so is in itself disgrace.
- ll. 183-190. *I presume . . . any* : The sense is "As I have showered everything on you, including love, so you should give me more than the mere duty of a loyal subject."
- l. 189. *As . . . particular* : as the intimate concern of your love.
- l. 192. *That I am . . . be* : I am, have ever been, and will ever be unfailingly loyal. Wolsey speaks in the broken language of emotion.
- l. 207. *Gall'd* : wounded.
- l. 214. *Cross devil* : perverse spirit, imp of mischief.
- l. 215. *Main* : of most importance.
- l. 224. *Meridian* : culmination, highest point.
- l. 226. *Exhalation* : meteor, falling star.
- l. 229. *Great seal* : his insignia of office as Lord Chancellor.
Presently : at once.
- l. 231. *Asher* : i.e. Esher, near Hampton Court. Wolsey himself held the see of Winchester, so was actually only being confined to his own house.
- ll. 236-238. *Till . . . deny it* : until I am shown more authority than the mere words which express your malicious will, I can and must refuse to surrender the Great Seal.
- l. 250. *Letters-patents* : official documents conferring a right or privilege, which can be inspected by everyone.
- l. 255. *Thou scarlet sin* : Alludes to the Cardinal's red robe.
- l. 259. *Weigh'd not* : were not worth.
- l. 260. Cf. note on Act II. Sc. 1. l. 43.
- l. 262. *Gavest* : attributed to.
- l. 265. *Credit* : good name.
- l. 272. *That* : i.e. I that.
- l. 274. *Mate* : cope with.
Sounder : more honest.
- l. 280. *Faded* : treated like jades, cowed.
- l. 282. *And . . . larks* : terrify and fascinate us with his scarlet cap as larks are lured for netting by means of a piece of scarlet cloth and a piece of mirror.

- l. 291. *Issues* : sons.
- l. 293. *Articles* : particulars of his crimes.
- l. 298. *Thus much* : as far as I can quote them.
- l. 305. *Objections* : charges, accusations.
- l. 308 ff. These charges are all given in the same order and often in nearly the same words in *Holinshed*, iii. 912, e.g. "I. First that he, without the King's assent, had procured to be a legate, by reason whereof he took away the right of all bishops and spiritual persons." A papal legate took precedence of all bishops. Wolsey became legate in 1518.
- l. 312. "*Ego et Rex meus*" : Correct, syntactically, in Latin.
- l. 317. The Great Seal must never leave the country. The Lord Chancellor, if he goes abroad, must place it "in commission," in charge of other high officials of state.
- l. 319. *Cassado* : i.e. Gregory Casale, one of Henry's agents in Rome during the progress of the divorce.
- l. 321. *Ferrara* : the Duke or Dukedom of Ferrara in Italy.
- l. 323. The coin was a groat, coined at York.
- l. 324. *Innumerable substance* : untold treasure or wealth.
- l. 326. *Furnish Rome* : supply the Pope.
- l. 327. *Mere* : utter.
- l. 338. *Praemunire* : There are various statutes of this name, but the one meant is that enacted by Richard II. in 1392, which, in forbidding legal suits to be taken out of the country for judgment, expressly prohibits the taking of them to Rome.
- l. 342. *Out of the king's protection* : i.e. an outlaw.
- l. 347. *Little good* : Norfolk's insulting variation of the proper address, "my good lord."
- l. 349. *Long farewell* : *longum vale*, frequent in Fletcher, but not in Shakespeare. See Arden edition of *Henry VIII.* for instances.
- l. 354. *Easy* : comfortable, careless.
- li. 356-359. *I have . . . depth* : see Arden edition for citation of various similar passages from Fletcher.
- l. 357. *Wanton* : playful.
Bladders : is this and the "falling like Lucifer" (l. 369) and the "many summers" (l. 358) a reminis-

cence, perhaps partly unconscious, of *Holinshed*, iii. 837 ?
 " For his ambition was no less discernable to the eyes of the people than the sun in the firmament in a clear and cloudless *summer* day. . . . The same parties . . . would have entitled him a proud popeling, as led with the like spirit of *swelling* ambition, wherewith the rabble of popes have been *bladder* like puffed and *blown* up : a devilish and *luciferian* vice."

1. 362. *Rude* : rough, violent.
1. 367. *Their ruin* : the ruin they cause.
1. 370. *Cromwell* : Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Lord Privy Seal and Earl of Essex.
1. 391. *Sir Thomas More* : became Chancellor on October 25, 1529.
1. 397. *Orphans' tears* : The Chancellor is the official guardian of the King's wards, *i.e.* orphans possessing estates.
1. 402. *In open* : *in aperto*, openly.
As his queen : cf. *Holinshed*, iii. 929, " After that the King perceived his new wife to be with child he caused all officers necessary to be appointed to her, and so on Easter-even she went to her closet openly as Queen ; and then the King appointed the day of her coronation to be kept on Whitsunday next following."
1. 403. *The voice* : the talk, gossip.
1. 406. *Gone beyond* : overreached, by marrying Anne.
1. 409. *Noble troops* : see *Holinshed*, iii. 920, " He had also a great number daily attending upon him, both of noble men and worthy gentlemen." For the composition of a noble Tudor household see " The Social Background " in Barker and Harrison's " Companion to Shakespeare Studies."
1. 418. *Make use now* : profit by this opportunity.
1. 428. *To play the woman* : weep. Cf. " Macbeth," IV. iii. 230, " O, I could play the woman with mine eyes."
1. 449. *Holinshed* states that after his deprivation of the Great Seal Wolsey had made " inventories of all things, in order against the King's coming " (iii. 909).
1. 450. *My robe* : Used perhaps with the double meaning of the clothes he stood up in, and also of his cardinal's robe, symbol of the cardinalate of which the King could not deprive him.

- ll. 453-455. Actually Wolsey uttered these words to Sir William Kingston when he rested at Leicester Abbey on his way to London in 1530 and died there (cf. Act IV. Sc. II.). As reported by Holinshed the words are, "If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs."

Act IV

Scene I

The two walking-gentlemen of Act II. Sc. I, having met to watch the coronation procession of Anne Boleyn, obligingly fill in the interval of waiting by informing us how Henry finally secured his divorce from Katharine. The procession is one of the most notable "shows" in the play.

Attributed to Fletcher by Spedding and to Massinger by Boyle.

- l. 8. *Royal* : noble, generous.
- l. 9. *As* : to do them justice, they are always eager and ready.
- l. 11. *Pageants* : the word "pageant" originally meant the wheeled scaffold on which the miracle and morality plays were shown. In Tudor times it denoted a show or grouped emblematic tableau mounted on a wheeled scaffold and drawn through the streets in a procession.
- l. 17. *Suffolk* : Charles Brandon, Henry's brother-in-law.
- l. 18. *High-steward* : the official who manages the coronation ceremony, or presides at a peer's trial.
Norfolk : Thomas Howard, third Duke, succeeded 1524.
- l. 19. *Earl marshal* : his hereditary office.
- l. 21. *Beholding* : under obligations to.
- l. 28. *Ampthill* : one of Henry's favourite hunting lodges.
lay : was in residence.
- l. 29. *Cited* : legally summoned.
- l. 30. *Not appearance* : not appearing. Cf. "Macbeth," IV. iii. 133, "here-approach."
- l. 31. *Main* : general.
- l. 34. *Kimbolton* : Castle, in Huntingdonshire.
- (Stage Direction) *Order of Procession* : (5) *Garter* : Garter-King-at-Arms, chief herald, Thomas Wriothesley. In

his coat of arms : wearing his tabard emblazoned with the royal arms. (6) *Marquess Dorset* : Anne's father. *Surrey* : according to Holinshed the Earl of Arundel carried the rod and the dove. *Collars of SS* : wearing collars of SS, the collar of linked S's of gold, originally adopted by Henry IV. (7) *Norfolk* : was actually represented by his half-brother, Lord William Howard. (8) *Four of the Cinque ports* : i.e. four of the Wardens of the Cinque Ports. *In her hair* : see Holinshed, "in her hair, coif, and circlet, as she had the Saturday," when "her hair hanged down, but on her head she had a coif with a circlet about it full of rich stones." Brides were accustomed to wear their hair hanging loose in the sixteenth century. Cf. Spenser, "Prothalamium," "With goodly greenish locks all loose untied, As each had been a bride." (9) *Old Duchess of Norfolk* : mother of the 3rd Duke. *Coronal* = coronet.

1. 46. *Strains* : embraces.
1. 57. *Abbey* : Westminster Abbey, where the coronation took place.
1. 64. *Fell off* : retired.
1. 67. *Opposing freely* : exposing herself freely to the gazing crowds.
1. 72. *Shrouds* : upper and lower standing-rigging of a sailing vessel.
11. 73-75. *Hats . . . lost* : Everybody threw their garments in the air in their rejoicing ; and if their very faces had been loose they would have flung them up too !
1. 77. *Rams* : i.e. battering-rams.
1. 78. *The press* : the crowd.
1. 87. *Royal makings* : the ceremonies that go to the making of a queen.
1. 88. *Holy oil* : used in the consecrating of a sovereign.
Edward . . . crown : formerly used at coronations.
1. 89. *Rod* : sceptre.
Bird of peace : the ivory rod surmounted by the dove.
1. 91. *Music* : i.e. musicians. Cf. "Merchant of Venice," V. 1., "The music of the house."
1. 92. *Parted* : i.e. departed.
1. 94. *York-place* : Actually the feast was held in Westminster Hall, as the King had changed the name of the

house. Holinshed's marginal note is "Yorke Place or Whitehall, now the Palace of Westminster, St. James."

- l. 101. *Winchester* : Gardiner became Bishop of Winchester in 1531.
- l. 116. *Something . . . command* : my position there enables me to offer you some hospitality.

Scene II

The death of Katharine of Aragon, and an account of the death of Wolsey.

Spedding and Boyle both attribute this scene to Fletcher. (Stage Direction) *Griffith* : i.e. Griffin Richards, her receiver-general.

- l. 10. *Happily* : i.e. haply, perhaps.
- l. 13. *Forward* : forth on his way.
- l. 14. *Tainted* : attainted or disgraced as a traitor.
To his answer : to stand his trial.
- l. 17. *Roads* : stages.
- ll. 17-30, see *Holinshed*, iii. 755.
- l. 19. *Covent* : i.e. convent.
- l. 27. *Foretold* : see *Holinshed*, iii. 917, "Incontinent the clock struck eight, and then he gave up the ghost . . . which caused some to call to remembrance how he said, the day before, that at eight of the clock they should lose their master."
- l. 32. *Speak him* : describe him.
- ll. 33-44. See *Holinshed*, iii. 922, "This cardinal . . . was of a great stomach, for he counted himself equal with princes, and by crafty suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure : he forced little on simony, and was not pitiful, and stood affectionate in his own opinion : in open presence he would lie and say untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning : he would promise much and perform little : he was vicious of his body and gave the clergy evil example."
- l. 34. *Unbounded stomach* : boundless arrogance.
- ll. 35-36. *By suggestion . . . kingdom* : The meaning is not clear. Clarendon edition explains, "crafty dealing." Many editors emend *tied* (fol. ty'de) as *tith'd*, i.e. exacted a tax like the ecclesiastical tithe from all the kingdom : and cf. "King John," III. i. 54, "no

Italian priest shall tythe or toll in our dominions." Holinshed has "by crafty suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure."

1. 36. *Simony* : trafficking in ecclesiastical preferment.
1. 37. *The presence* : the presence chamber.
1. 43. *Of . . . ill* : he led an impure life.
1. 50. The Folios all give a full stop after "honour." If this is kept the inference of the next phrase must be that he, in the words of his biographer Cavendish, "being but a child, was very apt to learning." Holinshed has, "This cardinal . . . was a man undoubtedly born to honour." The rest of the description follows Holinshed very closely : see iii. 917.
1. 52. *Persuading* : persuasive.
1. 59. *Ipswich and Oxford* : a college at Ipswich, which "fell with him," and Christ Church College, Oxford, originally known as Cardinal College.
1. 60. *The good* : perhaps for "the goodness."
Did : made.
1. 65. *Felt himself* : found himself.
1. 74. *Modesty* : moderation.
1. 76. *Set me lower* : i.e. in a position for rest.
1. 78. *Note* : musical air.
- (Stage Direction) *The vision* : one of the more elaborate "shows."
Vizards : masks.
Congee : bow reverently.
At certain changes : after dancing certain figures.
1. 92. *Wear : I shall assuredly* : I think the colon is dramatic, and has the force of *but*.
1. 94. *Bid . . . leave* : bid the musicians stop playing.
1. 95. *Heavy* : vexatious.
1. 98. *Earthy cold* : i.e. cold as death.
1. 102. Knowing that she expects still to be treated with the honour which was accorded her when a queen.
1. 105. *Staying* : waiting.
1. 110. *Capucius* : Eustace Chapuys, the ambassador from the Emperor. He was present when Katharine died on January 8, 1536.
1. 132. *Model* : image, copy.
1. 140. *Women* : the devoted waiting-women who remained with her to the end.

- l. 141. *Both my fortunes : i.e.* in prosperity and adversity.
- l. 143. *Now : i.e.* on my deathbed.
- l. 145. *Decent carriage :* decorous behaviour.
- l. 146. *Let . . . noble :* even though he should be a nobleman.
- l. 148. *The poorest :* of the poorest.
- l. 159. Or else I am not worthy of the name of a man.
- ll. 168-169. *Strew . . . flowers :* cf. "Hamlet," V. 1. 256, "Her maiden strewments." The white flowers strewn on the grave.

Act V.

"Scene 1

While waiting for the news of the birth of Anne Boleyn's child Henry reassures Cranmer, now Archbishop of Canterbury, that those of the Council who seek his downfall shall not be allowed to prevail. He gives Cranmer a ring, to send to him if he should find himself endangered, and the scene ends with the announcement of the birth of Elizabeth.

Attributed to Shakespeare by Spedding, and to Massinger by Boyle.

- l. 2. *These : i.e.* the middle of the night.
- l. 7. *Primero :* a fashionable card game. Henry gambled heavily at cards.
- ll. 11-12. *An if . . . to't :* if there is no real objection thereto.
- l. 13. *Touch :* inkling.
- l. 15. *Wilder :* more insistent.
- l. 17. *Commend :* trust, communicate.
- l. 19. *Fear'd :* it is feared.
- l. 20. *She'll . . . end :* She will die in childbirth.
- ll. 20-23. *The fruit . . . now :* I pray fervently that the child with whom she is in labour may find happy birth and live; but for herself, the parent stock, I wish it might be rooted up even now. Gardiner, who speaks, regards Anne as a Lutheran and an enemy of religion.
- l. 28. *Of . . . way :* of my way of thinking in matters of religion.
- l. 33. *Remark'd :* most eminent, distinguished.
- ll. 34-36. Cromwell became Master of the King's Jewel House in 1532, Master of the Rolls in 1534, and also

Principal Secretary to the King, subsequently Lord Privy Seal, Knight of the Garter, Earl of Essex and Lord Chamberlain.

Stands . . . preferments: stands in the very opening and path where preferment must necessarily come to him.

- l. 43. *Incensed*: stirred them up to believe.
- l. 46. *Moved*: stirred up.
- l. 47. *Have . . . king*: have communicated the same to the King.
- l. 52. *Convented*: summoned.
- l. 57. *Too hard*: more than a match.
- l. 68. *Sufferance*: pain, agony.
- l. 74. *Estate*: state, condition.
- (Stage Direction) *Sir Anthony Denny*: a member of the Privy Council, and a great favourite of the King's.
- l. 85. *Avoid*: leave.
- l. 102. You cannot completely clear yourself.
- ll. 104-106. *You must . . . Tower*: you must patiently endure a spell of imprisonment in the Tower.
- ll. 106-108. *You a . . . you*: as you are a member of the Council it is necessary for us to imprison you, otherwise no witness will dare to appear against you.
- l. 109. *Catch . . . occasion*: seize this opportunity.
- l. 110. *Thoroughly*: thoroughly.
- Winnow'd*: examined, put to the test.
- l. 116. *Holidame*: early form of "halidom" = anything sacred, hence the oath.
- l. 121. *Indurance*: durance, imprisonment.
- ll. 124-125. *Which . . . vacant*: I cannot value my own person if it is devoid of the virtues of truth and honesty.
- l. 125. *Nothing*: not at all.
- l. 128. *Not small*: i.e. men of importance.
- l. 129. *Must . . . proportion*: must correspond both in number and importance.
- ll. 129-131. *And not . . . with it*: a good and just cause does not always secure the verdict it deserves.
- l. 131. *At what ease*: how easily.
- l. 135. *Ween you*: do you expect?
- l. 136. *In*: in respect of.

Master: Christ.

- l. 137. *Whiles*: while, the old genitive, used adverbially.
- l. 138. *Naughty*: lit. of naught, hence worthless, wicked.
- l. 144. *Keep . . . you*: take comfort.
- l. 146. *Commit*, i.e. commit to prison.
- ll. 145-152. . . . *before them*: be sure to try to persuade them not to imprison you, speaking as strongly as the occasion shall warrant: but if entreaties prove useless give them this ring and before them all make your appeal to us, the King.
- ll. 158-159. *The tidings . . . manners*: my news will excuse my boldness in forcing an entry.
- ll. 167-168. *Desires . . . stranger*: desires you to visit her and see your new-born child.
- l. 170. *Marks*: the mark was the sum of 13s. 4d., not a coin, i.e. two-thirds of the pound sterling.
- l. 172. This is payment for a mere groom! Tips were always given to the bringer of good news or of a gift, and the amount would rise according to the status of the bringer.

Scene II

Cranmer, sent for by the Privy Council, is ignominiously kept waiting outside the chamber, but his plight is seen by Dr. Butts and reported to Henry.

Spedding and Boyle both attribute this scene to Fletcher.
(Stage Direction) *Pursuivants*: attendants on heralds, messengers.

- l. 3. *All fast?*: the doors all closed?

(Stage Direction) *Dr. Butts*: i.e. Sir William Butts, Henry's chief physician.

- l. 10. *Presently*: immediately.

- l. 13. *Pray . . . disgrace!*: pray Heaven he does not perceive that I am fallen from favour!

(Stage Direction) *At a window above*: at the window above one of the stage doors.

- l. 21. Butts finishes the sentence begun in l. 20, and interrupted by Henry.
- l. 28. *Parted*: shared, or had between them.
- l. 32. *Post*: letter-carrier.

Scene III

Cranmer is arraigned before the Council on the charge of teaching heretical opinions. When told he must be committed to the Tower he produces the King's ring. The King then enters, rebukes the Council severely, and warns them against any further attack on Cranmer, who is to be god-father to the newly born Princess.

Spedding attributes this to Fletcher. Boyle gives ll. 1-113 to Massinger, and ll. 114-end to Fletcher.

(Stage Direction) *Lord Chancellor*: Actually there was no Lord Chancellor between the birth and baptism of Elizabeth, September 7-11, 1533. More vacated the office in May 1533, and Audley was not appointed till Jan. 1534. Cromwell became Secretary in April 1534.

ll. 11-12. *Frail . . . flesh*: liable to the temptations of our human nature.

l. 12. *Out of*: as a result of.

l. 22. Do not teach them their paces by leading them on a rein.

l. 24. *The manage*: technical term for handling or control of a horse.

ll. 29-31. *As of . . . memories*: probably an allusion to the Anabaptist rising in Munster in 1535.

l. 39. *More stirs against*: is more active against.

l. 47. *Be . . . will*: whosoever they may be.

l. 48. *Urge*: state or press their charges.

l. 50. *By that virtue*: by virtue of that, i.e. your position as a privy councillor.

l. 59. *Pass*: is accepted, prevails.

l. 64. *Modesty*: moderation.

l. 66. Howsoever you may load me beyond endurance.

l. 70. *Sectary*: heretic, adherent of an heretical sect.

l. 71. *Painted gloss*: "this fair outside," Dr. Johnson. "Painted" implies the artificial: "gloss" = explanation.

Discovers: reveals.

l. 72. *Words and weakness*: hendiadys, = mere verbiage.

l. 77. *To . . . man*: cf. III. II. 331.

- ll. 78-79. *You . . . so* : you, of all people at this table, have the least right to say so.
- l. 81. *Sound* : orthodox : cf. III. ii. 274.
- l. 100. *Gripes* : grip, clutches.
- ll. 106-107. Cf. Henry's actual assurance to Ralph Sadler, his ambassador to Scotland in 1543 : "in case your finger should ache by their means all Edinburgh shall rue it for ever after."
- l. 109. *Gave* : either "suggested to me" or "misgave"—according to one's estimate of Cromwell's character : or according as one judges the speech to be spoken to the Council or as an aside.
- l. 126. You fawn upon me, whom you cannot reach to injure.
- ll. 130-131. *Proudest He* : proudest man.
- l. 133. *This place* : Cranmer's seat at the Council table, which Henry has bidden him take. Cf. I. iv. 79.
- l. 146. *Mean* : the means.
- l. 151. *If . . . men* : if men are ever to be believed.
- l. 152. *Purgation* : clearing from suspicion (*obs.*)
- l. 157. *Beholding* : cf. IV. i. 21.
- l. 163. *Answer for her* : the godfather and godmothers answer the priest's questions, promise for the child that it will renounce the devil and all his works and the vain pomp and glory of the world, and that it will keep the commandments, and state that it believes in the Creed.
- ll. 167-168. *Spare your spoons* : Spoons were a usual christening present for godparents to give. The King jokingly suggests that Cranmer shrinks from the honour for reasons of economy.
- l. 169. *Old Duchess of Norfolk* : cf. *supra*, IV. i. (Stage Direction).
- ll. 169-170. *Lady Marquess Dorset* : the widow of Thomas Grey, Second Marquis. "Marquess" is the same as "marquis," and *lady marquis* is as usual in Tudor times as the fem. *marchioness*.
- l. 176. *Common voice* : gossip, report.
- l. 178. *Shrewd* : bad, ill-natured. See Foxe, "Acts and Monuments, VIII," "It came into a common proverb, 'Do unto my Lord of Canterbury displeasure or a shrewd turn, and then you may be sure to have him your friend while he liveth.'"
- l. 181. *Made ye one* : reconciled ye

Scene IV

A "crowd" scene, full of local colour and topical references, working up the excitement for the entry of the christening procession.

Attributed to Fletcher by Spedding and Boyle.

- l. 2. *Paris-garden* : the bear-garden, on the Bankside.
- ll. 4-5. *Belong to the larder* : am one of the servants of the King's Larder.
- l. 9. *Ale and cakes* : the usual fare at weddings and christenings.
- l. 14. *May-day morning* : cf. Herrick, "Corinna's going a-Maying," . . . "a thousand virgins on this day, Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May."
- l. 15. *Push against Powle's* : try to move *either* Paul's Cross, or St. Paul's Cathedral.
- l. 16. *And be hang'd* : curse them !
- l. 19. *You . . . remainder* : you see what little is left of it.
- l. 21. *Sir Guy, nor Colbrand* : Guy of Warwick, and Colbrand the Danish giant whom he slew.
- l. 24. *Chine* : of beef, joint.
- l. 31. *Moorfields* : where the trainbands mustered for exercise and drill.
- l. 33. *Brazier* : with the double meaning of "a worker in brass," and "an iron basket for heating charcoal."
- l. 34. *Dog-days* : the hottest in the year, when Sirius, the dog-star, is in the ascendant.
- l. 35. *Under the line* : beneath the equator.
- l. 36. *Fire-drake* : fiery dragon.
- l. 38. *Mortar-piece* : i.e. a mortar, wide-mouthed cannon.
- ll. 38-39. *To blow us* : knock us down as with a shot from a mortar.
- l. 40. *Pinked porringer* : a round hat or cap pierced with small holes or slashes.
- l. 43. *Clubs !* : The London 'prentices rallying-cry, to summon them either to start or stop a fight.
- l. 45. *The hope . . . Strand* : the best fighters of the Strand.
- l. 47. *To the broom-staff* : fighting at close quarters.
- l. 48. *Loose shot* : a rabble of boys throwing stones, i.e.

"shot" used for anyone armed with a gun, as "spear" for anyone so armed.

1. 50. *Work* : fortification.
1. 53. *Bitten apples* : apples already gnawed and thrown away.
- ll. 53-55. *That no audience . . . endure* : 'Steevens' conjecture seems as helpful as any : "I can easily conceive that the turbulence of the most clamorous theatre has been exceeded by the bellowings of puritanism against surplises and farthingales. . . . The phrase 'dear brothers' is very plainly used to point out some fraternity of canters allied to the Tribulation both in pursuits and manners, by tempestuous zeal and consummate ignorance."
- Limbs of Limehouse* : young imps from Limehouse, i.e. "limbs of the devil," or "imps of Satan."
1. 56. *In Limbo Patrum* : i.e. in prison. *Limbus* (Lat.), border : hence the place bordering on hell where the fathers and the saints awaited Christ's descent into hell.
1. 57. *Besides . . . come* : besides the public whipping in store for them. A banquet is the dessert that follows the feast.
1. 62. *Ye have . . . hand* : a pretty business you've made of this !
1. 63. *Trim rabble* : a fine crowd of hooligans.
1. 64. *The suburbs* : in Elizabethan England the disorderly quarters of a town.
1. 68. *Not . . . a-pieces* : without being torn to pieces.
1. 69. *Rule* : keep them in order.
- ll. 70-71. *Lay . . . heels* : clap you in prison, or set you in the stocks.
1. 72. *Round* : heavy.
1. 73. *Baiting of bombards* : drinking from great leather black jacks.
1. 76. *Press* : crowd.
1. 77. *Troop* : procession.
1. 78. *A Marshalsea* : a prison. The Marshalsea prison was in Southwark.
1. 81. *Camlet* : light material, made largely of wool.
O' the rail : may mean "on" or "off" the rail.
1. 82. *Peck* : pitch.
Pales : palings.

Scene v

The christening of the infant Elizabeth.

Spedding and Boyle both attribute this to Fletcher.

(Stage Direction) *Trumpets* : trumpeters. Cf. "shot," IV. iv. 45.

ll. 1-3. *Holmshed*, iii. 934, " Garter Chief King of Arms cried aloud, ' God of his infinite goodness send prosperous life and long to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth.' And then the trumpets blew."

l. 5. *Noble partners* : the two other godparents.

l. 12. *Gossips* : godfather and godmothers, sponsors.

Prodigal : i.e. lavish with your gifts.

Cranmer's was a standing cup of gold, the Duchess gave another, fretted with pearl, and the Marchioness three standing bowls, gilt, pounced, with a cover.

l. 23. *Saba* : the Queen of Sheba.

l. 26. *Piece* : cf. " The Tempest," I. ii. 56, " Thy mother was a piece of virtue " ; " The Winter's Tale," V. iii. 38 : " O, royal piece ! " ; " Antony and Cleopatra," III. ii. 28 ; " Pericles," IV. vi. 118.

l. 34. *Under . . . vine* : fr. Micah iv. 4, " But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree ; and none shall make them afraid."

l. 40. *Maiden phoenix* : the phoenix is always unique : when one dies the next is born from its ashes.

l. 42. *Admiration* : wonder.

l. 43. *One* : i.e. James VI and I.

l. 52. *New nations* : e.g. Barbadoes colonised in 1605, and Virginia settled in 1608.

Epilogue

Spedding attributes this to Fletcher and Boyle to Massinger.

l. 1. *Ten to one* : i.e. long odds.

l. 10. *Construction* : interpretation.

l. 11. *For such a one* : i.e. a good woman.

l. 14. *Hold* : i.e. hold back.

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THEN called he the Queen by the name of Katharine Queen of England come into the court, etc., who made no answer, but rose out of her chair.

And because she could not come to the King directly, for the distance severed between them, she went about by the court, and came to the king, kneeling down at his feet, to whom she said in effect as followeth : Sir (quoth she) I desire you to do me justice and right, and take some pity upon me, for I am a poor woman, and a stranger, born out of your dominion, having here no indifferent counsel, and less assurance of friendship. Alas, sir, what have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure have I shewed you, intending thus to put me from you after this sort ? I take God to my judge, I have been to you a true and humble wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never contraried or gainsaid any thing thereof, and being always contented with all things wherein you had any delight, whether little or much, without grudge or displeasure, I loved for your sake all them whom you loved, whether they were my friends or enemies.

I have been your wife these twenty years and more, and you have had by me diverse children. If there be any just cause that you can allege against me, either of dishonesty, or matter lawful to put me from you, I am content to depart to my shame and rebuke : and if there be none, then I pray you to let me have justice at your hand. The King your father was in his time of excellent wit, and the King of Spain my father Ferdinand was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spain many years before. It is not to be doubted, but that they had gathered as wise councillours unto them of every realm, as to their wisdoms they thought meet, who deemed the marriage between you

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and me good and lawful, &c. Wherefore, I humbly desire you to spare me, until I may know what counsel my friends in Spain will advertise me to take, and if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled. With that she arose up, making a low courtsey to the King, and departed from thence.

The King being advertised that she was ready to go out of the house, commanded the crier to call her again, who called by these words ; Katharine Queen of England, come into the court, With that (quoth Master Griffith) madame, you be called again. On on (quoth she) it maketh no matter, I will not tarry, go on your ways. And thus she departed, without any further answer at that time, or any other, and never would appear after in any court. The King perceiving she was departed said these words in effect : For as much (quoth he) as the Queen is gone, I will in her absence declare to you all, that she hath been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife, as I would wish or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman of her dignity, or in any other of a baser estate, she is also surely a noble woman born, her conditions will well declare the same.

With that quoth Wolsey the Cardinal : Sir, I most humbly require your highness, to declare before all this audience, whether I have been the chief and first mover of this matter unto your Majesty or no, for I am greatly suspected hercin. My Lord Cardinal (quoth the King) I can well excuse you in this matter, marry (quoth he) you have been rather against me in the tempting hereof, than a setter forward or mover of the same. The special cause that moved me unto this matter, was a certain scrupulosity that pricked my conscience, upon certain words spoken at a time when it was, by the Bishop of Bayonne the French ambassador, who had been hither sent, upon the debating of a marriage to be concluded between our daughter the Lady Mary, and the Duke of Orleans, second son to the King of France.

Upon the resolution and determination whereof, he desired respite to advertise the King his master thereof, whether our daughter Mary should be legitimate in respect of this my marriage with this woman, being sometimes my brother's wife. Which words once conceived within the secret bottom of my conscience, engendered such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accumbered,

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vexed, and disquieted ; whereby I thought my self to be greatly in danger of God's indignation. Which appeared to be (as me seemed) the rather, for that he sent us no issue male : and all such issues male as my said wife had by me died incontinent after they came into the world, so that I doubted the great displeasure of God in that behalf.

Thus my conscience being tossed in the waves of a scrupulous mind, and partly in despair to have any other issue than I had already by this lady now my wife, it behoved me further to consider the state of this realm, and the danger it stood in for lack of a prince to succeed me, I thought it good in release of the weighty burden of my weak conscience, and also the quiet estate of this worthy realm, to attempt the law therein, whether I may lawfully take another wife more lawfully, by whom God may send me more issue, in case this my first copulation was not good, without any carnal concupiscence, and not for any displeasure or misliking of the Queen's person and age, with whom I would be as well contented to continue, if our marriage may stand with the laws of God, as with any woman alive.

In this point consisteth all this doubt that we go about now to try, by the learning, wisdom, and judgement of you our prelates and pastors of all this our realm and dominions now here assembled for that purpose ; to whose conscience and learning I have committed the charge and judgement : according to the which I will (God willing) be right well content to submit myself, and for my part obey the same. Wherein after that I perceived my conscience so doubtful, I moved it in confession to you my Lord of Lincoln then ghostly father. And for so much as then you yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords : whereupon I moved you my Lord of Canterbury, first to have your licence, in as much as you were metropolitan, to put this matter in question, and so I did of all you my lords : to which you granted under your seals, here to be shewed. That is truth, quoth the Archbishop of Canterbury. After that the King rose up, and the Court was adjourned until another day.

Here is to be noted, that the Queen in presence of the whole court most grievously accused the Cardinal of untruth, deceit, wickedness, and malice, which had sown dis-

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sention betwixt her and the King her husband ; and therefore openly protested that she did utterly abhor, refuse, and forsake such a judge, as was not only a most malicious enemy to her, but also a manifest adversary to all right and justice, and therewith did she appeal unto the Pope, committing her whole cause to be judged of him. . . .

At certain of their sessions the King sent the two cardinals to the Queen (who was then in Bridewell) to persuade with her by their wisdoms, and to advise her to surrender the whole matter into the King's hands by her own consent and will, which should be much better to her honour, than to stand to the trial of law, and thereby to be condemned, which should seem much to her dishonour.

The cardinals being in the Queen's chamber of presence, the gentleman usher advertised the Queen that the cardinals were come to speak with her. With that she rose up, and with a skeine of white thread about her neck, came into her chamber of presence, where the cardinals were attending. At whose coming, quoth she, What is your pleasure with me ? If it please your Grace (quoth Cardinal Wolsey) to go into your Privy chamber, we will shew you the cause of our coming. My Lord (quoth she) if ye have any thing to say, speak it openly before all these folk, for I fear nothing that ye can say against me, but that I would all the world should hear and see it, and therefore speak your mind. Then began the Cardinal to speak to her in Latin. Nay good my Lord (quoth she) speak to me in English.

Forsooth (quoth the Cardinal) good madame, if it please you, we come both to know your mind how you are disposed to do in this matter between the King and you, and also to declare secretly our opinions and counsel unto you : which we do only for very zeal and obedience we bear unto your Grace. My Lord (quoth she) I thank you for your good will, but to make you answer in your request I cannot so suddenly, for I was set among my maids at work, thinking full little of any such matter, wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine to make answer; for I need counsel in this case which toucheth me so near, and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are not for my profit. What think you, my Lords, will any Englishman counsel me, or be friend to me against the King's pleasure that is his subject ? Nay forsooth. And as

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for my counsel in whom I will put my trust, they be not here, they be in Spain in my own country.

And my Lords, I am a poor woman, lacking wit, to answer any such noble persons of wisdom as you be, in so weighty a matter, therefore I pray you be good to me, poor woman, destitute of friends here in a foreign region, and your counsel also will I be glad to hear. And therewith she took the Cardinal by the hand, and led him into her privy chamber with the other Cardinal, where they tarried a season talking with the Queen.

APPENDIX

I. THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon. His father, one of the leading citizens of the town, was a glover who also traded in agricultural produce and possibly did some farming. It is assumed that he gave his son the ordinary education of a boy of his class at the local grammar school. Nothing is definitely known of the early life of the dramatist, however, until his marriage at the age of eighteen to Anne Hathaway, a woman some eight years older than himself. About 1584 he left Stratford and came to London. Here he must soon have joined a company of players, but there is no record of his activities until 1592, in which year it appears from a satirical comment made on him by Robert Greene that he was becoming well known as a playwright. His first published work, the poem *Venus and Adonis*, appeared in 1593; it was followed by *Lucrece* in the next year. Both these poems were dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. We next hear of him as a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company of actors (who became "the King's men" after James's accession), and he probably remained in association with them for the rest of his working life. From 1599 the company occupied the Globe Theatre on the Bankside in Southwark. As an actor Shakespeare is said to have taken the parts of Adam in *As You Like It* and the Ghost in *Hamlet*. As a playwright he was the mainstay of the company; for about fifteen years he provided them on the average with two plays a year. His growing prosperity was indicated by his purchase, in 1597, of New Place, one of the largest houses in Stratford. About 1610 he left London and went to live as a retired gentleman at his Stratford home. He died here in 1616.

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2. THE¹ ORDER OF THE PLAYS

In the collected edition of Shakespeare's plays published in 1623 no indication was given of the dates when they were first produced. Even in the case of the previously issued Quartos of some of the separate plays the dates on the title-pages are not to be taken as those of the earliest productions. The dating of Shakespeare's works is therefore a matter for conjecture based on such indirect evidence as is available. The following list gives an order which would be generally accepted :—

1590–1596

- Henry VI*, Pts. I, II, and III
- 1 *Richard III*
- 2 *Comedy of Errors*
- Titus Andronicus*
- Taming of the Shrew*
- 3 *Two Gentlemen of Verona*
- Love's Labour's Lost*
- Romeo and Juliet*
- Richard II*
- Midsummer-Night's Dream*

1596–1600

- King John*
- Merchant of Venice*
- Henry IV*, Pts. I and II
- 4 *Much Ado About Nothing*
- Henry V*
- 5 *Julius Cæsar*
- 6 *Merry Wives of Windsor*
- As You Like It*
- Twelfth Night*

1600–1608

- 7 *Hamlet*
- 8 *Troilus and Cressida*
- 9 *All's Well that Ends Well*
- Measure for Measure*

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Othello
Macbeth
King Lear
Antony and Cleopatra
Coriolanus
Timon of Athens

1608-1613

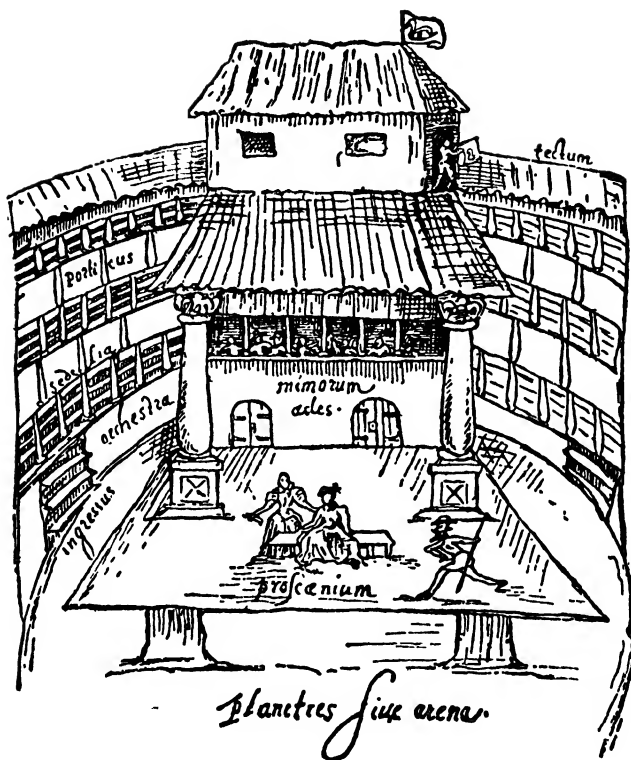
Pericles
Cymbeline
Winter's Tale
Tempest
Henry VIII
Two Noble Kinsmen

3. THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

Shakespeare's plays were originally acted under conditions very different from those of to-day. Playhouses were new institutions—the first of them had been built in Shoreditch in 1576—and the technique of play-production was in its infancy. Moreover, as the first theatres were by no means like those we know in plan and construction, the dramatists necessarily employed methods that would seem strange to their present-day successors.

In general form the public theatres of Shakespeare's time resembled the galleried inn-yards in which companies of actors had previously set up a temporary stage for their performances. The stage was a rectangular platform projecting into the "yard," which was open to the sky. There were no seats on the floor around the stage: the "groundlings" stood and enclosed the actors on three sides. More expensive accommodation was provided in tiers of galleries running right round the building. The topmost gallery had a thatched roof. Fashionable young gallants were allowed seats on the stage itself. The plays were performed in daylight, usually in the afternoon. There were some differences between the "public" and the "private" theatres: the private theatres, like the Blackfriars, were roofed, used artificial light, and were attended by a better-class audience. No painted scenery was used; but some indication of the

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THE DE WITT DRAWING OF THE SWAN THEATRE

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place represented might be given by such movable properties as a bed or a single small tree symbolising a wood. The stage itself was sheltered by a roof. In the floor there was a trap-door through which ghosts and apparitions rose and descended. This is the explanation of the stage direction "Descends" in connection with the apparitions in *Macbeth*, IV. i. The main stage could not, of course, be curtained off.

At the back of the platform were two doors through which the actors entered. In the space between these doors was hung a curtain which, when drawn, revealed an inner stage. In this recess Ferdinand and Miranda would have been shown playing their game of chess, and the play-scene in *Hamlet* would have been performed. It could serve also for Lear's hovel, Prospero's cell, or the tomb of the Capulets.

Above the inner stage was a balcony forming part of the lowest gallery running round the house. This upper space could be used for the sleeping-rooms of Macbeth's castle, for Juliet's balcony, or the room in Shylock's house from which Jessica throws down the casket to Lorenzo. The stage direction "Enter Above" frequently found in the old texts means that the actors are to come on to this gallery.

The De Witt drawing of the Swan Theatre, here reproduced, is the only clear contemporary pictorial evidence of what one of the Elizabethan playhouses looked like. Even this is probably incorrect in some of the details. The original rough sketch of the theatre made by John de Witt for his *Observationes Londinenses* is lost, but a copy of it made by Arend van Buchell of Utrecht survives.

With regard to the actors who performed on the Elizabethan stage, all that need be said is that they included no women in their companies. Female parts were played by boys. At one time a company consisting entirely of boys—members of the choir of the Chapel Royal—was very popular.

The peculiar conditions of the Elizabethan theatre must be taken into account when we are examining Shakespeare's stage-craft. They explain, for instance, the frequent change of scene which is a characteristic of the plays of the time. The audiences did not demand realism: they were prepared to use their imagination and accept the simplest symbolism as a means of suggesting the place of action. The extreme example of Shakespeare's free treatment of

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place and time is seen in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where he has a succession of very short scenes located in a variety of widely separated places. The typical modern dramatist would not deal with his material in this way. He works with the knowledge that a change in the supposed place demands a change in scenery, which takes time and may cause an undesirable break in the action. Moreover, every additional "set" required adds considerably to the expense of production. There is good reason, therefore, why a modern play should differ considerably in shape from an Elizabethan play.

The absence of scenery and lighting had other minor but interesting results. The dramatist was compelled, for example, to introduce into the dialogue indications of time and place that would now be superfluous. A famous instance occurs in *Julius Cæsar*. In the Orchard Scene the audience is to suppose that it is night. Brutus therefore opens with the remark :—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.

And throughout the scene the darkness of night is insisted on by the speakers. Similarly, the second act of *Macbeth* begins at night. Hence, when Banquo enters, he is preceded by a torch-bearer, and he talks about the moon and the stars. Again, the description of Macbeth's castle put into the mouth of Duncan and Banquo is introduced not merely for the sake of the lyrical touch very welcome at this point, but in order to give the spectators information which could not be conveyed to the eye by a stage-picture of a castle.

Since the actors were playing on an open platform-stage, they had to aim at different effects of grouping from those obtained in the modern theatre, where the proscenium acts like a picture-frame entirely separating performers from spectators. Processions and dancing were freely introduced, and the elaborate costumes worn by the actors gave colour to the scene. The fact that the performers were immediately surrounded by spectators obviated to some extent the difficulty experienced nowadays in speaking the soliloquies and the asides that were a regular part of the old stage convention. There was an intimacy between players and audience

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that made it seem not unnatural for a character to allow his private thoughts to be overheard.

Owing to the absence of a curtain for the main stage, the dramatist had to take special measures when he required a scene to end with a definite break in the action. He had to arrange for all his characters to leave the stage. The problem was most serious at the end of the play. The final scene of *Hamlet* illustrates the difficulty. A modern playwright would bring down the curtain at the climax, that is, when Horatio, bending over the body of his dead friend, says :—

Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

But, on the Elizabethan stage, if the play had ended here, the dead would have had to rise and walk off. To obviate this absurdity, Fortinbras and the English ambassadors are brought in, and the scene is prolonged for Fortinbras to say :—

Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage . . .

There is a dead march, and the soldiers carry the bodies of Hamlet and the other dead off the stage.

It may be noted, finally, that the first theatres were used not only for dramatic performances but also for bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and athletic contests. The public liking for exhibitions of bodily skill to some extent influenced the fare provided by the playwrights. Shakespeare, for example, indulged his audiences with the wrestling match in *As You Like It*. This was a genuine contest. Similarly, the broadsword fight at the conclusion of *Macbeth* was a real trial of skill between combatants accustomed to their weapons.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

Act I

1. Give the meaning of : keech, beggar's book, trembling contribution, springhalt, plain-song, bevy, cure, knock it.

2. Paraphrase : I. i. 39-45, "As I belong . . . full function" ; I. i. 59-66, "For being not propped . . . the King" ; I. ii. 71-85 ; "If I am . . . our best act" ; I. iii. 23-35, "They must either . . . laugh'd at."

3. Explain and give the context of :

(a) Him in eye,

Still him in praise.

(b) and his own letter,

The honourable board of council out,

Must fetch him in he papers.

(c) and front but in that file

Where others tell steps with me.

(d) For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly

Their very noses had been counsellors

To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

4. Paraphrase, showing where difficulty or ambiguity lies.

(a) neither allied

To eminent assistants ; but spider-like,

Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,

The force of his own merit makes his way.

(b) I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,

By darkening my clear sun.

(c) What we oft do best,

By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is

Not ours or not allowed.

(d) Not friended by his wish, to your high person ;

His will is most malignant, and it stretches

Beyond you, to your friends.

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Act II

1. Give the meaning of : attainer, rub, clerks, conclave, avault, cheveril, hulling, reek, paragon'd.

2. Explain and give the context of :

(a) Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, and, John Car, Confessor to him ; with that devil monk, Hopkins

(b) Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

(c) This was a judgement on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladdened in't by me.

3. Paraphrase : II. ii. 44-52, " We had need. . . . If the king please " ; II. iii. 1-9, " Not for that . . . the avault " ; II. iv. 107-117, " You're meek and humble-mouth'd . . . profession spiritual."

4. Explain : " the long divorce of steel," " now, poor Edward Bohun," " Two equal men," " kept him a foreign man still," " a three-pence bowed."

Act III

1. Give the meaning of : presence, fit, cordial, memoriz'd, digest, spleeny, parcels, present havings, sacring bell, legate, praemunire.

2. Summarise briefly in your own words the indictment against Wolsey.

3. Paraphrase and give the context of : III. i. 41-49, " O good my lord . . . in English " ; III. ii. 94-104, " The late queen's . . . is his oracle," ; III. ii. 283-294, " Yes, that goodness . . . his life."

4. Explain : " All hoods make not monks," " superstitious to him," " prime man of the state," " thou scarlet sin," " dare us with his cap like larks."

Act IV

1. Give the meaning of : hautboys, royal makings, stomach, carriage, maiden flowers.

2. Paraphrase : IV. ii. 48-68, " This cardinal . . . fearing God."

3. Explain : " those that claim their offices this day,"

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

“for not appearance and the king’s late scruple,” “something I can command,” “his long trouble.”

Act V

1. Give the meaning of: primero, holidame, indurance, sound, purgation, pinked, porringer, gossips, piece.

2. Explain and give the context of:—

(a) Ween you of better luck,

I mean, in perjured witness, than your master?

(b) Your painted gloss discovers

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

(c) Do you take the court for Paris-garden?

3. Paraphrase: V. ii. 20–31, “Which reformation . . . our memories”; V. iv. 69–78, “As I live . . . these two months”; V. v. 33–47, “In her days . . . so stand fixed.”

4. Explain: “Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,” “like a post with packets,” “you’d spare your spoons,” “I belong to the larder,” “I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand.”

1. Give some examples of simile and metaphor (a) from the scenes usually assigned to Shakespeare, (b) from the other scenes.

2. Give some examples of words in this play which are used differently or carry different meanings today.

3. Write any comments that occur to you upon the somewhat unusual nature of the Stage Directions of this play.

4. What events do you associate with the following places: Dunstable, Bridewell, Blackfriars, Kimbolton, Leicester, York Place?

5. Explain: Collars of SS., a State, in her hair, chambers discharged, the purse, sennet.

6. Write five-line biographical notes on the following: Pace, Campeius, Cromwell, Norfolk, Buckingham, Suffolk. Then state briefly what part each plays in the drama.

ESSAY QUESTIONS

1. Why has this play always been something of a stage favourite?
2. Would it be justifiable to call this play a "true chronicle history?"
3. Do you consider this play has a theme which links its episodes? If so, explain what it is and how it is used and developed.
4. What is your opinion of the poetic qualities of this play? Illustrate your answer as fully as possible, with special reference to imagery.
5. Compare the character of Henry VIII, as delineated in this play, with the Henry of history.
6. Discuss the play's indebtedness to Holinshed, and any other sources with which you are acquainted.
7. Which is the best-drawn character in this play? Discuss your opinion fully, giving reasons, and making comparisons.
8. Discuss the characterisation of some of the minor personages of the play. Does it seem to you as lively and as vigorous as that in any other Shakespeare play you know equally well?
9. In what ways does this play make a fitting conclusion to Shakespeare's historical plays considered as a chronological sequence?
10. Can the modern producer present this play successfully without the use of a great deal of "show" and spectacle?
11. Analyse and discuss the dramatic structure of the trial scene.
12. What is the dramatic point, if any, of the Cranmer episode in Act V? If you consider it successful, is it so merely on its own isolated merits, or as a contributory part of the whole play?

ESSAY QUESTIONS

13. Does the authorship controversy interest you or not? Give reasons for your answer, and say how you would try to investigate it for yourself.

14. Katharine has been described as a "reincarnation of Hermione." Do you consider this a sound and adequate description?

15. Write a note on the dramatic value, if any, of the "walking gentlemen" scenes: *i.e.* II. I., IV. I. Do you find something of the "walking gentlemen" taint in other scenes of this play?

16. After getting together your material to answer General Question 1, discuss the imagery of groups (a) and (b).

17. Do you see any significance in the fact that, although Buckingham, Katharine, and Wolsey all die during the course of the play, no actual death scene is shown?

18. Contrast or compare the study of Henry in the play either with Henry as portrayed by Francis Hackett in his "Henry VIII," or with Henry as impersonated by Charles Laughton in the film.

